

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SEPTEMBER 29, 1958

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

WORLD SERIES



"En garde, D'Artagnani! I am
insult zat you do not issue me
Carter's Knit Boxers,
ze smart new idea
in man-comfort
... no ironing needed!"

Carter's
KNIT BOXERS

Fashion under Fashion

- Soft, fine textured cotton
- Flexible knit fabric
- Seamless stretch
- No ironing needed
- Carter's fit—
so men's shirts suit all fit

The Modern Carter Co., New York, N.Y.

Carter's *Fleur De Lis* Boxers at these and other fine stores: ATLANTA: Zilly's • BOSTON: Jordan Marsh Co. • BRIDGEPORT: Howland's • CHICAGO: Eberly, Altman's, CLEVELAND: B. & B. Co. • DALLAS: Jerns & Whinn • DRYDEN: Robert Whinn Co. • DETROIT: J. L. Hudson Co. • HARTFORD: G. Fox & Co. • LOUIS BLAIR: Sullivan's • LOS ANGELES: Bullock's, Overhorns, Woodward • MILWAUKEE: T. A. Chapman • MINNEAPOLIS: Dayton's • NEWARK: Saksy & Co. • NEW YORK: Arnold, Gersbach & Altman & Co., Franklin Simon • PITTSBURGH: Kaufmann's • ROCHESTER: Saksy, Lindsay & Carr • ST. LOUIS: Wolf's • SAN FRANCISCO: The White House

\$1.65



Smileage!



Life-Saver doesn't lose air when nail is removed!

Ordinary tubeless tire goes flat when nail is removed!

Underwater test proves: B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver seals punctures permanently—nail in or out!

HERE'S PROOF that B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver Silvertowns don't lose a pound of air—even when nails are removed. Pull the nails from an ordinary tubeless tire (right), and the air gushes out immediately. The tire goes flat!

But the B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver (left) holds its air—nail in or out—because a patented gummy sealant closes *instantly* around the nail when it enters the tire. Pull out the nail—and the sealant *fills up the hole permanently*. An air-tight repair job. Same thing happens on the highway. If you run an ordinary

tubeless over a nail, sooner or later you've got to change that tire. If you run a B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver over a nail, you keep rolling!

If you're the kind of driver who hates to picture yourself or your wife changing a flat, see your nearby B.F. Goodrich dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. Ask him about a set of B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver Silvertowns—with bruise-resisting nylon cords. Four tires—only \$4 down. *B.F. Goodrich Tire Company, A Division of The B.F. Goodrich Company.*

© The B.F. Goodrich Company

B.F. Goodrich *Life-Saver Silvertown tires*

WORLD SERIES



18



30



36



46



56



66

County Stadium ▶

Baseball's biggest show gets under way next Wednesday in Milwaukee's County Stadium. For background on the World Series, turn to page 15.

Featuring by Robert Creamer

Next week



▶ Virginia Kraft discovers a paradise for waterfowl and fishermen on North Carolina's newly accessible Outer Banks, site of the Lost Colony and once a haunt of buccaniers.

▶ Carleton Mitchell completes a remarkable season of yachting coverage with his report on Sorpre's final challenge for the America's Cup. With photographs and charts.

▶ A preview of the pro football season by Tex Maule; scouting reports on the teams; techniques of the professional T quarterback by Y. A. Tittle of San Francisco 49ers.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at other mailing offices. Subscription: U.S. & Canada \$1.50 per year.

Contents

SEPTEMBER 23, 1958 Volume 18, Number 13

The World Series

- 15 *Once Again, With Feeling.* By Robert Creamer
Scouting reports and critique of teams

Two Spectacles at Newport

- 18 *How Columbin took the first race amid a sea-rush of spectators.* By Carleton Mitchell

New Waistline for Yachting

- 28 *Three-and-a-half pictures reflecting a generation of change in America's Cup racing*

Kickoff in Dixie

- 30 *Jim Tatum's rebuilding job at North Carolina looks good despite a sudden road block*

The Hidden Gamble in Racing

- 36 *An explanation of racing's hip-diner syndicates and, in color, Mr. Fite and his fine family*

Willie Runs Out of Pep

- 46 *Willie Pep loses to Kid Boney in a fight that may well mark the end of his long career*

An Embarrassment of Ladies

- 56 *In the Wofford Cup equestrian competition three of the top scores were of the wrong sex*

Indians and Their Animals

- 66 *Excerpts from the Indian journal of the great photographer Fike and, in color, a stirring rhino capture*

The departments

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 5 Coming Events | 46 Boxing |
| 6 Football's First Week | 49 Charles Goren |
| 8 Scoreboard | 52 Golf |
| 10 X-Ray | 54 Motor Sports |
| 24 Events & Discoveries | 56 Horse Show |
| 36 Horse Racing | 58 Bonnie Prudden |
| 44 Trotting | 77 19th Hole |
| 80 Pat on the Back | |

Acknowledgments on page 8

MEMO *from the publisher*

DURING the early days of professional football, which go back to 1895 and a game between Latrobe and Jeannette, Pa., it often seemed that the only way to make ends meet was to have two players qualified at the position shake hands. Financially, the game had troubles, and as a sport it more than once looked as if it might go the way the six-day bike race went.

But today coins are clanking in its coffers as never before, and pro football enjoys an economic health second to none among spectator sports. One of its business problems, as reported in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** (*Look How the Owners Smile*, March 10), is the kind most of us would like to have: "Pro football is looking for more seats to accommodate a growing host of fans for whom there are no seats." The season which opens this week bids fair to be the biggest ever, with paid attendance for the National Football League expected for the first time to pass the 3 million mark—for a pretty fair average of 50,000 per regularly scheduled game.

In the course of rising to its present affluence and eminence, pro football has brought marked changes to the over-all pattern of football, evident not only in new attitudes and inter-

ests on the part of players and spectators but in the actual play of the game itself.

Next week, in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'S PREVIEW of the professional season, Tex Maule discusses some of these changes, which give an insight into the football that's coming up. The scouting reports on the 12 teams follow. They include last year's records, strengths and weaknesses of the running and passing offenses and defenses, and the exceptional players and plays to watch.

Maule noted last year (81, Oct. 28) that the prime mover which operates all professional football teams is a great passer and ball handler at T quarterback. Among the greatest of these prime movers is Y. A. Tittle, veteran quarterback of the San Francisco 49ers and Pro Player of 1957. In next week's PREVIEW, Tittle will explain the secrets—the strategy, tactics and technique—of professional quarterbacking. Helping to explain them will be illustrations by Daniel Schwartz.

What other secrets remain, only the season itself can reveal. And that's a story which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, with more complete coverage of pro football than ever, will be telling each week from now till the season is over.



49ERS' TITTLE

Henry J. Roemer

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly by TIME INC. at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. \$7.50. Air delivery in Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. \$10.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$22.00.

SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please change magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires old as well as new address.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

OTHER TIME INC. PUBLICATIONS: **TIME**, **LIFE**, **FORTUNE**, **ARCHITECTURAL FORUM** and **FOCUS** & **HOME**. **CHARLES**, **MICHAEL**, **MOORE**, **PRESTON**, **ROY**, **E. LLOYD**, **EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT** for Publishing, **BENJAMIN**, **EDWARD**, **VICE PRESIDENT** and **EDITORIAL**, **CHARLES**, **EDWARD**, **VICE PRESIDENT** and **EDITORIAL**, **D. W. SCHWARTZ**, **VICE PRESIDENT**, **EDGAR**, **R. HARRIS**, **EDITORIAL**, **CLAY**, **EDITORIAL**, **ALFRED**, **W. CARLSON**, **ALICE**, **GROVER**, **ANDREW**, **EDWARD**, **C. D. JACKSON**, **J. EDWARD**, **KING**, **JAMES**, **A. LLOYD**, **ROBERT**, **D. PAINE**, **J. F. L. FROST**, **WALTER**, **C. PETER**, **J. L. COMPTON** and **ASSISTANT SECRETARY**, **JOHN**, **F. HENRY**.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Henry J. Roemer

PRESIDENT: Roy E. Loomis

MANAGING EDITOR: Sidney L. Jensen

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS

Richard W. Johnston

Andre Laguerre

John Tibby

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ART DIRECTOR: Jerome Snyder

ARTICLES: Percy Kneath

Rex Brown

Robert Coates

Andrew Cowles

Robert F. Hewitt

Carl Lind

Marlin Ross

Colin Pinney

Frank R. Smith

William Tucker

Robert Warren Wood

Norton Wood

Alfred Wright

STAFF WRITERS

Alvin Hagan

Marvin Hagan

Thomas H. Linsmeier

Hamilton B. Mink

Don Peck

Richard C. Pallas

Gilbert Rigney

Ernest Rigney

Dorothy Stoll

Jerome Tuck

Ray Terrell

Jo Anne Zil

PHOTOGRAPHY

PICTURE EDITOR: Gerald Anor

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS:

Richard Meek

John G. Zimmerman

ASSISTANTS:

Betty Dick

Dorothy Merr

Ben Shulman

WRITER-REPORTERS

CHIEF: Bruce Fitzpatrick

Walter Bingham

William Leggett

William Lenz

Leo Woodcock

REPORTERS

Mary Shaw

Thomas Allen

Elizabeth Berglund

Patty Dwyer

Mary Jane Hodges

Rose Mary Morken

Robert Schmitt

Joan Stryker

David H. Tamm

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Charles Adams

Paul Bennett

Charles Goren

Charles Goren

Sammy Jones

Robert K. Miller

Victor Kopp

Bill Madden

Carlton Mitchell

Tadman

John O'Brien

Robert Rigney

Physical Fitness

Harvey Karpman

William F. Telford

Frankie

Ed Zerk

ASSISTANT TO THE MANAGING EDITOR

Henry J. Roemer

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

Anne Dennis

Gina Greene

Sherry Kent

Sharon Moloney

Morton Shulman

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

Maureen Harris

PRODUCTION

CHIEF: Arthur S. Rowley

CONV. DESK: Beatrice Gottlieb

George J. Woodcock

Betty De Mott

Ingelore Farrell

Arthur A. Goldberger

Lana Mergens

Helen Parker

LAYOUT

CHIEF: Alfred Egores

William Bernstein

Harvey Gray

Brendon F. Mulvey

Marvin Nathan

Catherine Schuch

U.S. & FOREIGN BUREAU

MANAGING: Earl Davis

Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta

Boston, Dallas, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle

Anchorage, Omaha, Portland, Toledo, Calgary

Canby, Col. - correspondence: James Shepley

London, Rio de Janeiro, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Warsaw

Yokohama, Yokosuka, New York, Tokyo

Hong Kong, Manila, Cebu, Panama City, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires

CHIEF OF CORRESPONDENTS: Eugene John Hughes

PUBLISHER: H. H. Phillips Jr.

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: William W. Tolman

Turn to the **LIGHT...**

**COM-FLEX
PROCESS**

Weyenberg
shoes for men

comfortable
flexible

THE TROY

Model 6732
Made in Tokyo by
Da-Lon Industry
Four-Eye Tie
\$12.92

All signs point to a lightfooted Fall, in supple ComFlex process shoes, by Weyenberg. What makes them so welcome? It's the wonderful new way that ComFlex cuts waste weight, in a shoe that yields with every flexing of your foot. Plus style, so far ahead of the rest that it's setting a pace all its own. See them at your Weyenberg dealer's, or write us for his name.

WEYENBERG SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

COMING EVENTS

September 26 to October 2

All times E.D.T.

★ Televised • Network radio ★ Color telecasts

Friday, September 26

KICKING
• Korea vs. Rep. of China, 10 p.m., Washington, D.C., 35 p.m. (NBC).

FOOTBALL
Tampa at Tampa (N).
Wisconsin at Miami (N).

Saturday, September 27

BASKETBALL
• Baltimore at New York, 1:05 p.m. (CBS).
• Cincinnati at Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. (NBC).
• St. Louis at San Francisco, 4:20 p.m. (Mutual).

BOWLING
Southern March Game Champs, Nashville (through Sept. 30).

FOOTBALL
California at Michigan St.
Connecticut at Yale.
Kansas vs. Oregon St. at Portland, Ore. (N).
Indiana at Notre Dame, 2:00 p.m. (ABC).
Louisiana St. vs. Alabama at Mobile, Ala. (N).
Maryland at North Carolina St.
Penn St. at Pennsylvania.
Tennessee at Kentucky.
UMW at Ohio State.
• South Carolina at Army, 1:45 p.m. (Mutual).
Tennessee at Auburn at Birmingham, 4:45 p.m. (NBC).
Texas Christian at Iowa.
USF at Michigan.
West Virginia at Oklahoma.

HORSE RACING
• The Woodward, \$100,000, Belmont, N.Y., 4:50 p.m. (CBS).
• W. Edwin Memorial, \$25,000, Hawthorne, Ill.

Sunday, September 28

AUTO RACING
• NASCAR Grand Nat'l Div., Richmond, N.C.
• NASCAR Nat'l Sportsman Champ., Syracuse, N.Y.
• USAC Pro Sports Car Race, Watkins Glen, N.Y.
• USAC Big Car Champs., across, Trenton, N.J.

BOATING
America likes Island Regatta, New Martinsville, W. Va.

FOOTBALL
• Detroit at Baltimore (CBS).
• Chicago Bears at Green Bay (CBS).
• Chicago Cardinals vs. New York at Buffalo (CBS).
• Cleveland at Los Angeles (CBS).
• Washington at Philadelphia (CBS).
• Pittsburgh at San Francisco.

Monday, September 29

BOXING
Torres vs. Woodward, middle, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York.

GOLF
USGA Region Champs., Pebble Beach, Calif. (through Oct. 4).

HORSE RACING
The Corcoran, \$25,000, Belmont, N.Y.
The Maryland Pura race, \$11,000, Lexington, Ky.

ROCK
Arkansas Livestock Exposition, \$25,750, Little Rock, Ark. (through Oct. 4).

Tuesday, September 30

HORSE RACING
The Transamerica race, \$50,000, Tampa, N.Y.
Sol Camp Memorial trot, \$26,000, Lexington, Ky.

Wednesday, October 1

BASKETBALL
• World Series opens, Milwaukee (also Oct. 2, 3 & 4 p.m. NBC).

HORSE RACING
Lexington Robinson, \$25,000, Belmont, N.Y.

HUNT RACING
Holling Rock Hunt Meeting, Lanesville, Pa.

Thursday, October 2

HORSE RACING
The Kentucky Fairplay trot, \$60,000, Lexington, Ky.

*See local listing

MELLOWED TO
MAGNIFICENCE
by slow
cedar aging



ASTORIA 1921

35¢

Gold Label
CEDAROMA

Seven streamlined inches of the finest and costliest Cuban vintage tobaccos, individually jacketed in Spanish Cedar to preserve their matchless mildness and flavor.

To obtain this handsome
**Imported Briar
Cigar Holder**

Mail the bond from a
GOLD LABEL Cedaroma, with 50¢ to cover
handling, parcel post and insurance to:
Bradford, Lewis & Co., Dept. 5, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Fla.

The Custom-Made Vintage Havana Cigar

FOOTBALL'S 1ST WEEK

COMPILED BY MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

With Pitt and Penn State going far afield, the first week's action in the East was little more than sporadic. Boston College, a resurging power in eastern football, flexed its muscles against Scranton, manipulating its many platoons like so many chessmen to win 48-0.

Connecticut got off on the right foot, beating down on Springfield 41-14 to win its first opener in eight years while Villanova won 28-14 to snap West Chester State Teachers' 14-game streak.

THE SOUTH

The Atlantic Coast Conference started off in a mass of confusion as North Carolina, Maryland and Duke were rudely handed by lesser rivals, leaving Clemson, a shaky winner in its own right, in the uncertain driver's seat.

North Carolina State, expected to be an easy mark for highly regarded North Carolina, lumped into Chapel Hill a 13-point underdog and pranced out with a 21-14 victory. Alert ball-hawking by Sophomore Center Bill Hill (see below) and adept play-calling by sub Quarterback Frank Cackovick (a last-minute fill-in for ineligible Ernie Driscoll), who twice pitched out to Halfback Ken Trowbridge for touchdowns, did in the Tar Heels for the third year in a row.

Wake Forest, uncovering a new secret weapon in rangy Sophomore Norman Sneed (see below), who tossed three scoring passes to Jim Dalrymple and Pete Manning to tie a conference record, finally emerged from a 12-game losing streak to whip Maryland 34-0.

Cautious South Carolina made the

most of Duke's fumbling to push across a touchdown and two-point conversion in the first period, then kept the Blue Devils at bay to win 8-0.

Clemson, figured to have a breeze against the thin forces of Virginia, found itself trailing twice, each time called upon Lowndes Shingler, a sophomore quarterback, to provide the spark, finally came out on top 20-15.

Kentucky's flat-footed Bobby Cravens slurked through the mud at Lexington, Ky. for 153 yards on 20 exhausting carries to put on a highly appreciated home town show against favored Georgia Tech as he led his Wildcat teammates to a 13-0 triumph.

Florida put its usual option plays on the shelf and relied on straight T football behind a big, quick line, to hammer its way past slow-footed Tulane 34-14. Tulane, falling behind early, flanked, speed, split and slotted their receivers in a frantic attempt to catch up, succeeded in completing 39 out of 41 passes. Nonetheless, Florida Coach Bob Woodruff was still able to say: "I was completely satisfied with our pass defense."

In other games, West Virginia turned loose a flood of classy backs to roll over Richmond 66-22 for its 35th straight in Southern Conference; Mississippi fumed and fussed before beating Memphis State 17-0; Bobby Renz's two touchdown dashes led Florida State to a 42-6 victory over Furman.

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas and Georgia, after bumbling around for almost 40 minutes, called upon a pair of third-stringers to perk things



BACK OF THE WEEK: COP's talented Dick Bass, hobbled by injuries for past two years, got a chance to run against California, gained 215 yards as team won 24-20.

up at Austin. Quarterback Francis Tarkenton responded by moving Georgia 95 yards for a touchdown and passing to End Aaron Box for an 8-7 lead, but Bobby Garwitz, a scantly 160-pound sophomore, lit the fuse for Texas, wriggling almost half the length of the field before scoring from the one-yard line to win for the Longhorns 13-8.

A rough and ready LSU line put the shackles on Rice, and also opened up gaping holes for veteran Billy Cannon and his speedy backfield mates, who ran for four touchdowns and a 26-6 victory.

Texas A&M, rolling along with a 14-0 lead, suddenly was pulled up short by underdog Texas Tech and found itself a 15-14 loser after End Gerald Siemann intercepted an Aggie pass, grabbed another from Teammate Floyd Dellinger, who also kicked the winning extra point.

In other games, Fullbacks Larry Hickman and Gaylen Crain whacked away earnestly at the Arkansas line to give Baylor a 12-0 Southwest Conference win; Arizona State made Hawaii their 13th victim in a 47-8 romp; Arizona held off Utah State 7-6.

THE MIDWEST

Texas Christian, making the most of pinpoint passing by Quarterbacks Hunter Eas and Larry Dawson (see below) and flashy running by Merlin Friddy, rumbled for 628 yards and 31 first downs to defeat Kansas 42-0.

Vanderbilt shook loose Halfback David Ray on an 81-yard punt return in the first quarter and then managed to hold its own with sputtering Missouri to win 12-8 in the week's top TV game.

Unable to move against deliberate Penn State, Nebraska got its first big pass from Sophomore Pat Fischer, who returned a kickoff 92 yards to put the Cornhuskers even at 7-7, then pulled out with a 14-7 victory on Carroll Zaruska's plunge from the one-yard line.

Marquette may not make a bowl this year but the Warriors brought the first smile in three years to Coach Johnny

NEW FACES OF THE WEEK



NORTH CAROLINA STATE'S BILL HILL, an alert sophomore center, recovered two fumbles in 21-14 win over North Carolina.



TCU'S LARRY DAWSON, a sub quarterback, completed five of six passes for 73 yards and two touchdowns in 42-0 rout of Kansas.



WAKE FOREST'S NORMAN SNEED, another poised newcomer, dazzled Maryland with his accurate passing, set record in 34-0 win.



LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Pitt's John Guzlik, a big, bold and bullish guard, made life miserable for UCLA backs, was partly responsible for a 27-6 upset victory.

Druse's face when Quarterback Pete Hall jammed over for three touchdowns in the second half to beat South Dakota State 18-7, and end a 20-game losing streak.

THE WEST

Oregon State looked as if it had been caught half-dressed when the guests arrived after a hungry band of USC youngsters manhandled the Beavers 21-0 in Los Angeles Coliseum on Friday night. Led by Quarterback Willie Wood, who threw one touchdown pass, and the muscular McKeever twins, Marlin and Mike, who hung Oregon State ball carriers through the air like popcorn, USC kept the pressure on all the way, dulled the scent of roses in the noses of the Beavers.

Next day, UCLA groped through the Coliseum heat and smog in a futile effort to locate the Pittsburgh ball carriers and lost 27-6. Pitt uncovered a handy quarterback in Ivan Tomic and a solid middle of the line bulwarked by Guard John Guzlik (see above).

All-America Candidate Bob Newman split the Stanford defenses with 15 completions in 19 passes (for two touchdowns and 134 yards) and sent his backs pounding through the line on slants, sweeps and draw plays to give Washington State a 40-6 triumph and turn Cactus Jack Currier's PCC debut into a drama of misery.

College of the Pacific, with talented Dick Bass (see above) doing everything but lug the water bucket, scored for the last time with 2½ minutes to play to upset favored California 24-20.

Utah made only frugal use of Lee Grosscup, its star passer, but beat Montana 20-6 to set the stage for next Saturday's Skyline Conference showdown with Brigham Young, 28-7 victor over Fresno State.

In other games, shaky Washington pulled itself together to beat San Jose State 14-6; Oregon scored three times in the last quarter to overcome Idaho 27-9; Oklahoma State, badgered by Denver for a few pitiful moments in the third quarter, came on to win 31-14.

RED GRANGE PREDICTS

the results of this weekend's games

Oklahoma vs. West Virginia

Despite Bud Wilkinson's lament that his Oklahoma team has been hit hard by graduation, the Sooners will be almost as strong as last year. West Virginia enjoyed a romp in its opener and has one of its greatest teams, but I can't make myself pick against OKLAHOMA.

Notre Dame vs. Indiana

Notre Dame is deep in veterans, including Nick Pietrosante, one of the finest fullbacks I have seen in many years, and shouldn't have too much trouble with a green Indiana team, which needs time to learn a new single-wing offense. NOTRE DAME is the choice.

Michigan State vs. California

Michigan State, generally regarded as one of the top clubs in the country, will send a good solid first team, backed up by a strong bench, against California, which showed it can score in a 24-20 loss to College of the Pacific. The Golden Bears don't rate with MICHIGAN STATE.

Ohio State vs. Southern Methodist

Southern Methodist has one of the finest passers in college football in Don Meredith, but the Mustangs lack the defense to stop an Ohio State team which is strong in every position and aiming to become the nation's No. 1 team. OHIO STATE is my pick.

Iowa vs. Texas Christian

Texas Christian certainly looked like a powerhouse while running up 31 first downs against Kansas and must be favored to outscore Iowa, faced with a major rebuilding job in its line. TEXAS CHRISTIAN.

Miami vs. Wisconsin

Here are two rivals with similar offenses, first teams of equal strength and outstanding quarterbacks in Dale Hackbart (Wisconsin) and Fran Curci (Miami). A tossup, with the Badgers' greater depth making the difference. WISCONSIN.

Auburn vs. Tennessee

Auburn, loaded in every position and with one of the biggest lines in college football, is every bit as good as last year's great team. Tennessee has only one regular returning and needs a triple-threat tailback to make its offense go. I won't pick the winner because I will be working this game on NBC-TV.

Clemson vs. North Carolina

Both teams had a lot of trouble in their openers, but Clemson managed to elude a close win while North Carolina's speed bogged down against North Carolina State. Off last week's results, I'll certainly take CLEMSON.

Mississippi vs. Kentucky

Mississippi, with a strong quarterback in Bobby Franklin and a hard-running fullback in Charley Flowers, is rated just a shade over Kentucky's Wildcats, who looked mighty good beating Georgia Tech. But MISSISSIPPI should win.

Pitt vs. Holy Cross

Pitt got off to a great start against UCLA and found the quarterback it needed in Ivan Tomic. Holy Cross, with a fine quarterback of its own in Tom Greene, rates high in the East but I'll go along with PITT.

Army vs. South Carolina

Halfbacks Bob Anderson and Pete Dawkins give Army a scoring punch which South Carolina, even after a confidence-building upset victory over Duke, cannot ignore. The Gamecocks lack a serious offense and will find Army too tough to handle. ARMY to win.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS: FIVE RIGHT; FOUR WRONG

faces in the crowd . . .



MARY HILENBERTON, 21, Kansas State University road, was chosen "Miss Football of 1958" in national festival at Berkeley, Calif. The 12 girls in competition represented colleges in the West, Midwest and South.

BOBBY MONBACHER, brother of Vin's Bud Monbacher, won men's North American sailing championship at Rye, N.Y., representing Texas Corntham Y.C. Norman Freeman, Ithaca, N.Y., was runner-up in series.



JOE O'BRIEN, driving Shadow Wave in 13th annual Lettie Brown Jug racing race at Delaware, Ohio, combined meager opportunities available with great skill, won both mile heats with 1-year-old (see page 41).

ISAAC BERGER, 22, of Brooklyn, broke two world records and won world featherweight lifting championship at Stockholm. He set new marks with total \$21.2 pounds for press, snatch and jerk, and 325.1 for jerk.



HARRY E. ISAACS, Baltimore clothing manufacturer, saw his 2-year-old oak Intentionally, under Wilke Shoemaker, upset First Landing, the 2-to-5 favorite, in \$114,396 Futurity on Belmont's Widener Course.

HARRY BERGER, Detroit police inspector, took all-round championship honors at 13th annual Indiana State Police Invitational pistol matches at Putnamville, with aggregate score of 2,621 out of possible 2,760.



ROCKY NELSON, first baseman for Toronto Maple Leafs, was named International League's most valuable player for third time after 33-year-old Ohlson won batting, home-run and run-batted-in titles.

Varsity-Town Clothes

THE STYLE MAJOR CREATES
THE NEW STYLE MASTERPIECE

PLAINSMAN
SOLID
TONES



Vibrant New Hues
are Mixed
with Magic
in PLAINSMAN
SOLID TONES
loomed by
YORKSHIRE

Each season Varsity Town creates original, distinctive solid tones for famous, favorite, finest-of-its-kind Plainsmen Worsted Flannel.

New Fall '58 hues of Storm Grey, Burnt Brown and Smoke Blue are magically "mixed" as the rich worsted fibres are spun into fine yarns. There's also styling genius in trim, easy modeling of Plainsmen Solid Tone Suits.

Luxury Lined with BEMBERG®

Get this "LITTLE BLUE BOOK" of Sport and Style Info.

Only 2½ x 4½ in., with 176 pages of football schedules, scores, sport records, fraternity data, style news and advice. Get one free at store in your city that sells Varsity Town Clothes or send 50c for postage to . . .

The M. A. Seligman Co., Cincinnati 3, Ohio



The first 39 jewel self winding watch in history



Gyromatic®
39
Jewel

the world's most
advanced automatic watch

EXTRA JEWELS for greater precision.
EXTRA JEWELS for longer wear.
EXTRA JEWELS for smoother winding
at the slightest motion of your wrist.

Now 39 jewels are utilized in a self-winding watch. Exclusive with Girard Perregaux, this is the crowning achievement of our 168 years of fine watchmaking.

Write Dept. 39 for FREE illustrated booklet "The History of Time" and name of nearest GP dealer.

How - 14K gold-filled, self-winding, water-proof*, shock resistant Gyromatic 39. \$190 incl. incl. tax. Other Gyromatic 39 jewel watches \$125 to \$1000. Finest 17 jewel GP timepieces for men and women \$50 to \$1000
*provided the case, crystal, and crown are intact

GIRARD PERREGAUX
Fine Watches since 1790

pronounced Jerrard Perri-go
610 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.
In Canada: 1405 Peel Street, Montreal

X-RAY

The Yanks are American League champs but two pitchers haven't heard the news



A YANKEE-TANER who ranks with Stonewall Jackson is the sturdy Alabamian, Frank Lary of the Tigers. Last week he accomplished something no other pitcher has done in 42 years - beat the Yankees for seventh time in one season. The same week 35-year-old Hoyt Wilhelm of the Orioles threw a no-hitter at the champs.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week 8/14-8/20

	Rank	Points	Games
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Pittsburgh	6-9	1,000	34-85 3
Cincinnati	4-2	887	35-79 8
San Francisco	3-2	606	37-71 3
Washington	4-3	571	28-80 4
Chicago	2-3	560	18-90 6
Los Angeles	5-4	333	68-80 8
St. Louis	8-4	290	75-34 7
Philadelphia	1-9	187	63-85 2

	Rank	Points	Games
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Detroit	5-2	774	34-75 5
Baltimore	4-2	667	35-69 8
Cleveland	4-2	667	35-74 8
Kansas City	4-2	573	31-77 3
Baltimore	3-3	506	69-77 5
Boston	3-4	429	75-34 7
New York	2-4	423	68-80 2
Washington	6-5	000	61-85 3

TEAM LEADERS

Rank	Points	Games	Points	Games	Rank	Points	Games
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Stoneman	568	Shawyer	224	Thomas	25	Fried	29-18
Lynch	417	Lynch	224	Robinson	28	Parke	17-11
Mays	389	Mays	245	Mays	28	Arbuckle	15-13
Fairs	429	Fairs	212	Matthews	18	Spahn	15-15
Morrell	421	Rankin	215	Rankin	47	Adair	10-4
Lewis	478	Fairlie	250	2 with	22	Podres	13-16
Wojcik	452	Motul	215	Dwyer	22	1 with	13-12
Harris	476	Ashburn	338	Anderson	23	Roberts	18-14
AMERICAN LEAGUE							
Kuenn	368	Kuenn	218	Morris	19	Leary	26-15
Lando	373	Gordman	364	Lyle	29	Perce	17-11
Avila	500	Powers	312	Collette	28	Mejick	16-7
Orlando	513	Cory	314	Cory	28	Orlando	13-11
Boyd	423	Boyd	219	Trudeau	30	2 with	14-11
Huntley	373	Estimate	207	Jeans	14	Delek	12-8
Richardson	318	Sobers	281	Wardle	41	Tutty	25-1
Somers	158	Somers	197	Somers	28	Ramos	14-15

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to September 30)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (NL)	Mays 347	Fernandez Phil 215
Batting (AL)	Epstein 312	Yost Wash 228
Home run	Banks Chi 47	Schmiedel, Mil 0
Runners (NL)	Cl per 125 AB	(410 AB)
Home run	Wade NY 41	For Chi 0
Runners (AL)	Cl per 12 AB	(284 AB)
Pitching (NL)	Frank Phil 22-13	Sommers Phil 1-14
Pitching (AL)	Tutty NY 21-7	Kennedy Wash 6-14
ERA (NL)	Miller SF 2.45	Dault Chi 5.39
ERA (AL)	Ford NY 2.03	Kennedy Wash 6.73
Complete	Spahn Atl 23	Harmon Phil 2
Games (NL)	(on 34 starts)	(on 20 starts)
Complete	Pence Chi 19	Pappas Bal 2
Games (AL)	Tutty NY 28	(on 15 starts)
Team HR (NL)	Chicago 278	St. Louis 165
Team runs (NL)	New York 138	Chicago 98
Team runs (AL)	San Francisco 687	St. Louis 598
Team hits (NL)	New York 727	Chicago 613
Team hits (AL)	Philadelphia 1,358	Los Angeles 1,252
Team hits (AL)	New York 1,359	Washington 1,177

RUNS PRODUCED

	Scored	Teammates	Total Runs
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Banks Chi (135)	117	79	196
Mays SF (245)	113	66	179
Austin Mil (212)	112	62	169
Thomas Phil (204)	95	74	169
Boyer Bal (180)	95	63	158
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Wardle NY (198)	122	69	191
Jason Bal (188)	81	84	165
Pence Chi (113)	95	63	158
Cory KC (114)	85	64	149
Somers Wash (107)	85	66	151

THE ROOKIES

	NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Batting	Canada SF 337	Pence Wash 375
Home run	Canada SF 25	Pence Wash 7
Pitching	Walt Phil 3-2	Boal Chi 15-9



WONDERFUL

Worumbo

WOOLLENS

BY EDGAR DODD - HARTON - BIRD FOWL GUY

BEST IN SHOW Worumbo® makes fashion news for fall... muted, subtle striping in the Crossland topcoating. This luxurious fabric, loomed from Australia's finest wool, is silky to the touch and has exceptional wearing qualities. John David, New York; Panson's, San Francisco; The Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; Lytton's, Chicago; Sakowitz, Houston; Rich's, Inc., Atlanta; J.P. Stevens & Co Inc. New York 36, N. Y.



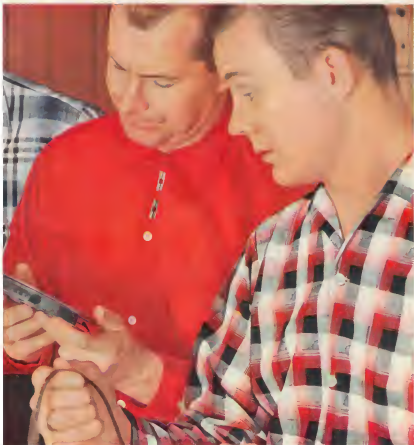
Look your best at home
in new Arrow **EMBER TONES** Sport Shirts

It's high time the folks at home know what a good-looking, well-dressed guy you really are. (After all, why should you be well-dressed only when you're away from home?)

Start by choosing one of these new Arrow Sport Shirts with a neatly woven dash of color—or Arrow's new plaid that's as fresh and bright as autumn sunshine. All are 100% cotton Time-Saver wash and wear fabrics by Dan River—little or no ironing needed. If you can't decide, why not buy two or three!

ARROW

MADE IN U.S.A.
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC.



Sport Shirts \$5.95

Look for the Arrow label and get these Arrow Sport Shirt extras



What wife-savers! Arrow Time-Saver shirts are easy to launder. You simply hand-wash, drip-dry and wear.



Exact sleeve length. Arrow sport shirts are also available in your correct sleeve size. You get perfect fit and comfort.



Unexcelled comfort (and smart appearance) with collar closed. Colorfast fabrics. "Standardized" label means permanent fit.



Exclusive Arefold convertible collar. No neckband to show when worn open. Always neat ... always fashion-right.



ONCE AGAIN, WITH FEELING

Next Wednesday is curtain time for the 1958 version of the World Series. The cast (Stengel, Burdette & Co.) is familiar, but the old plot is sure to spring new surprises

by ROBERT CREAMER

IN VAUDEVILLE the expression was, "Change your act, or back to the woods." In baseball the same act, the same old act, the World Series, opens next Wednesday in Milwaukee's shiny County Stadium, but—honest, Charley, you got to listen, I'm telling you the truth—this year it looks better than ever.

There's the character, Lew Burdette, who was such a smash last year. He's back again, and in rehearsal through the last half of the season he looked great. He won almost 20 games, squirming around out on the mound, jittering, fidgeting, pretending to spit on the ball (I admit it's old stuff, Charley. I admit he's done the act before. But it's a classic, right?).

And the funny little man, Yogi Berra—you remember, he kept flipping big Don Newcombe into the showers a couple of years ago—well, he's in it again. What's more, he's altered his routine a little. He has an outfielding bit now, and occasionally

that's good for some real laughs.

There're Mantle and Aaron, doing the strong-man stuff, and Spahn and Ford, the left-handed magicians, and Covington (do you recall that daredevil leap-against-the-fence turn he did last year?), and Turkey and Red Schoendienst. And Enos Slaughter, the oldest man alive.

There's no question but that it will be a wonderful show. It always is. Think back to last year. . . . No. Go farther back.

Go back to 1905, when Christy Mathewson pitched three shutouts in six days. Or 1906. The Chicago Cubs won 116 games in the National League that year, the most ever won by a team in one season in major league history. These were the famous Cubs of Tinker to Evers to Chance, of Circus Solly Hofman, of Jimmy Sheekard and Harry Steinfieldt and Johnny Kling and Wildfire Schulte, of master pitchers like Three Finger Brown, Ed Reulbach, Orvie Overall and Jack Pfeister. Challenging this truly great team was a sad array of Chicago White Sox, known, with good reason, as the "Hitless Wonders." Naturally, as befits the melodrama that is so often baseball, the Hitless Wonders clobbered the great Cubs.

In 1911 the mildly named Frank Baker hit two tremendously important home runs against the New York Giants and gained thereby not just fame but the gloriously indelible nickname "Home Run." In 1912 Fred Snodgrass made his "\$100,000 mull" of a fly ball in the last half of the last inning of the last game. In 1914 the "Miracle Braves," residents of Boston then rather than Milwaukee, came from last place in midseason to win the pennant by 10½ games and then in the World Series ran right through Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. In 1916 two names to reckon with in later baseball history were entered in World Series starting lineups for the first time: Babe Ruth was one name, Casey Stengel the other.

In 1919 came the infamous Chicago "Black Sox," deliberately losing the Series to Cincinnati in a gambling plot. In 1921, to wash out the bad taste of the Black Sox, came Babe Ruth again, in the first of his seven Series with the New York Yankees. In 1927 he batted .400 and hit the only home runs of the Series. In 1928 he batted .625 and hit three homers in the final game. In 1932 he hit his last Series home runs, one of them the legendary pointing-to-the-bleachers poke off Charley Root.

The Playbill of the Series is filled with items: the Philadelphia Athletics' 10-run inning in 1929; Pepper Martin running wild in 1931; Frank Frisch and Dixie Dean beating Detroit in 1934; Detroit losing again in

continued

Photograph by Richard Mack

THE BIG MEN again this year are the Yankees' grinning Mickey Mantle (left) and the Braves' carefree Henry Aaron.

1940, but with flamboyant Bobo Newsom getting more praise for his gummy pitching in a losing Series than he ever did for all the 211 regular-season games he won in his long major league career.

There were the Dodgers of 1941, losing to the Yankees, and the racehorse young Cardinals of 1942, beating them. There was Cookie Lavagotto in 1947, breaking up a no-hitter with a game-winning double in the last half of the ninth inning. There was the game of Oct. 10, 1948, in Cleveland, when 86,288 people paid their way in, the biggest crowd in major league history (a young left-hander named Warren Spahn was the winning pitcher that day).

There was the epic Yankee-Dodger Series in 1952, and the Indians' fall before Dusty Rhodes and the Giants in 1954. There was Johnny Podres, stopping the Yankees in 1955, Don Larsen and his perfect game in 1956, and Burdette last year.

With all this in mind—this lush history of things happening, of great moments, of epic heroes and monumental goats—the baseball fan approaches the World Series. The fun for the fan who, unhappily, is neither rabidly pro-Milwaukee nor casually pro-New York lies in the anticipation of what might happen when these two fine teams meet again; and, further, in the enjoyment of whatever does happen at the time it occurs. (This ignores, of course, the pleasure of reflecting on past wonders which will occupy the baseball buff's mind through the long cold winter of basketball.)

Specifically, we who are hopelessly smitten by the unparalleled beauty of a well-played baseball game ignore the matters of attendance and gate receipts and TV commercials and intra-squad jealousies to wonder whether Burdette can possibly be as good again this year as he was last, and we wait eagerly for the actual enjoyment that will come when Burdette spits, wriggles and throws, and we sit back to see if he'll come driving through in fine style or get his ears panned back.

This anticipation of things to come in the Series goes beyond the obvious, like Burdette this year (or the coming test under fire of the siling and questionable pitching arms of the Yankees' Whitey Ford and Don Larsen), to the completely unpredictable:

Burdette last year, for instance, or Larsen the year before, or Podres the year before that and Rhodes the year before that. The point is, something will happen, something always does, something delightful, rich, unforgettable.

Consider the arenas, the stadiums—the one jammed into the teeming Bronx, crowded by antenna-topped apartment houses, the other sitting by itself in a roomy hollow in the low Wisconsin hills. One has a parking problem, the other has it solved. One is old (if 35 years is old) and storied; the other is new (if six is new) and relatively innocent of glory. One was built by a rich man to house his favorite hobby, the other by a band of practical politicians with their eye out for something that would benefit their city. One has been a real-estate football, the other an example of smart community planning. Either is worth close study (and, indeed, thousands on thousands of words have been written and hundreds of pictures taken to describe the stadiums and the operations required to keep them functioning efficiently).

THE IMPORTANT THINGS

Yet ask the baseball fan about them. He'll tell you the important things, the successes that ballplayers have had here, and the failures. Here, in Yankee Stadium, high, high up on the right-field facade, at the lip of the right-field roof, is where Mickey Mantle hit a tremendous home run in 1956, a home run that came within a foot or two of being the only fair ball ever hit out of this famous ball park. Then, over a bit, in center field, is where Mantle misjudged Henry Aaron's long fly in the second inning of the second Series game last year. Mickey played the ball into a triple and unintentionally set up the important run that Aaron scored moments later. Over still farther, toward the sunny seats on the left-field side of the Stadium, is the place where Wes Covington made his remarkable catch of Bobby Shantz' dangerous line drive in the same inning of the same game, just a few minutes after Mantle had misplayed Aaron's fly.

In a bit more is third base, where Ed Mathews made his even more remarkable play on Bill Skowron's hard-hit ground ball down the third-base foul line in the last inning of the

last game. That was the play that ended the game, the play that gave Burdette his third victory, the play that finally brought their first World Championship to Milwaukee.

It also saved Burdette's shutout (his second in a row), and it enabled him to stretch his streak of scoreless World Series innings pitched to 24. The record is 29½ innings, held by that fellow Ruth, whose home runs are mentioned at some length above. Before he became a great hitter, the Babe was a great pitcher; this 40-year-old Series pitching record is clear evidence of that. But if Burdette can keep the Yankees from scoring through the first six innings he pitches in this year's Series, the record will be his.

Here, in Milwaukee's County Stadium, is where Lew will try, when he goes at the Yanks in either the first or second game. If he comes through against them as he did last year, there's a chance that a solid gold monument will be erected on the pitcher's mound. Till that time the most revered sites in the Milwaukee ball park are in the outfield. Henry Aaron hit the home run that won the game that gave the Braves their first pennant a year ago over the center-field fence. And over the right-field fence sailed Eddie Mathews' home run in the 10th inning of the fourth Series game last year.

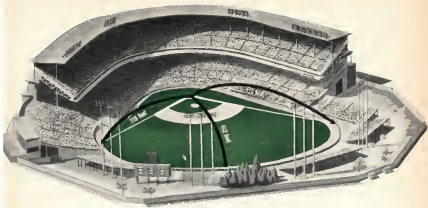
That was the game that the Braves were winning so easily, 4-1 in the ninth inning, with two out and two strikes on the batter. But then Elston Howard, that two-strike batter, hit a game-tying home run over that other fence, the one in left, and in the 10th inning Hank Bauer tripled home the tie-breaking run. Thus, the dejected Braves were now losing 5-4 in the 10th, and the loss would give the Yankees a 3-1 edge in the Series and almost certain victory. But then, you see, there was Eddie Mathews, and that fence, that fence right out there near the scoreboard. He hit a two-run homer, the Braves won the game after all, the Series was all even, and the way ahead was bright.

It was completely improbable, wildly melodramatic, awful corn. But it was true, and it happened, and something like it—or something like Burdette, or Larsen—is going to happen again this year.

I'm telling you the truth, Charley.

FOR SCOUTING REPORTS ON THE BRAVES AND THE YANKEES, TURN TO PAGE 80
FOR A CRITIQUE ON EACH TEAM'S CHANCES IN THE SERIES, TURN TO PAGE 84

COUNTY STADIUM



MILWAUKEE'S COUNTY STADIUM, squatting in a hollow a few miles west of downtown, was finished just in time to welcome the Braves from Boston in 1953 and is now one of the focal

points of the state of Wisconsin. In the six seasons that the stadium has had major league baseball, an average of nearly 2 million spectators a year have seen the Braves in action.

YANKEE STADIUM



Drawings by Matt Groves

THERE HAVE BEEN YEARS—1954, for instance—when the World Series was not played at Yankee Stadium, but they don't happen often. Indeed, 57 Series games have been played there, a

record. The stadium is located in The Bronx, a 20-minute cab or subway ride from midtown Manhattan. It seats 67,000, has mountainside triple-decked grandstands and an aura of greatness.



SOME 1000 CRAFT OF EVERY CONCEIVABLE SHAPE AND SIZE CROWD THE RACE COURSE TO SEE YACHTS IN A SEASONING LAND



TWO SPECTACLES AT NEWPORT

by CARLETON MITCHELL

WHEN THE GUN FIRED to start the opening race for the America's Cup off Newport on Saturday, two spectacles of almost equal interest began unfolding simultaneously: first, the astonishing rate at which *Colossus* left *Sceptre* astern; and, second, the staggering number and variety of floating contrivances which fell in behind to form the gallery.

As a yacht race, the revival of competition between a British challenger and American defender after 21 years left much to be desired. "Nothing but a damned drifting match," growled one salty observer, feeling like a fight fan who had traveled far to see a heavyweight bout and instead wound up at a rugged game of drop the handkerchief. It was almost sad to watch the two magnificent yachts, both ready for the slugging match for which they were designed and had trained, reduced to bare steerageway for nearly half the distance. "Light and variable," had prophesied the weather forecaster in the morning, and faint indeed were the breezes. The storm system of the three previous days, after interfering with final preparations and practice sails, had moved out into the Atlantic, and the next oncoming low still lurked in the Canadian wilds.

Yet undoubtedly meteorological circumstances prevented the greatest mass drowning in history. For, from every harbor, creek and eel rut on the Atlantic Coast had poured boats, perhaps 1,000 or more, to form an unparalleled spectator fleet. Gone was the parade of stately queens of yore, the *Nourmahad*, the *Corsaire*, the *Orions*, and *Airos*, the *Alofas* and the other miniature ocean liners privately maintained. Converging on the orange-and-white cup buoy was everything and anything that would

continued



RUSH THAT PROVED A COAST GUARDSMAN'S NIGHTMARE



'SCEPTRE'S' SPINNAKER DROOPS SADLY AS 'COLUMBIA' LEADS

float, from excursion steamers to sport fishermen, motor sailers to outboard runabouts; the finest modern yachts in commission, varnish and chrome gleaming, rubbing bottle-smooth topsides with the battered gunnels of top-heavy relics rarely seen out of sheltered creeks: mom and pop and the kids munching sandwiches from a red icebox on the back porch.

The start was delayed 20 minutes while Coast Guard patrol craft scurried back and forth, worrying at the motley assemblage like dogs driving sheep. Finally, maneuvering room was established, and signals were hoisted for twice-around windward-leeward course, four legs of six miles. The wind was slightly east of north at some five knots.

Columbia carried the off-white Ratsey mainsail which her crew had dubbed "The Purple People Eater." It is a very full and beautifully shaped sail, almost ideal for winds of less than 12 knots. At the warning gun she added a drifting jib of lightweight Dacron, set flying. Even in the faint breeze both of these sails filled and took shape, giving her drive through the small, lumpy sea. On the other hand, *Sceptre's* sails looked like boards, her mainsail hard and tight along the leech, her genoa of such heavy fabric that it seemed hardly to lift.

At some three minutes before the gun *Sceptre* tacked to leeward and ahead of *Columbia* as the latter came back toward the line, apparently trying to achieve the safe leeward start which had mousetrapped competitors so successfully for Vixen. She was moving slowly, but Graham Mann made his move at the proper moment, allowing time for *Sceptre* to pick up speed before his adversary came abeam. Yet *Sceptre* did not respond. With agonizing deliberation she pivoted and then seemed to die. Co-



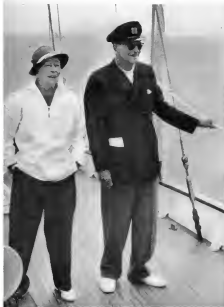
TRIUMPHANT SMILE LIGHTS THE FACE OF SKIPPER CUNNINGHAM

Columbia's bow came sliding toward the challenger's stern, and foot by foot she ate away at the overlap, finally to forge clear ahead. Briggs Cunningham had room to bear off, being slightly early, and run the line to increase speed. When the cannon fired aboard *Nor'Easter*, the race committee boat, *Columbia* sharpened up for a perfect start on the line at the gun, wind clear, carrying full way. *Sceptre* was three lengths behind and still not moving. And that was the race.

The farther the two boats sailed close-hauled, the more *Sceptre* dropped back, until when she tacked at the end of six minutes, *Columbia* appeared as far ahead of *Sceptre* as the challenger was from the orange-and-white starting buoy, which meant *Columbia* had been traveling through the water at almost twice *Sceptre's* speed. Not only did there appear to be a ridge ahead of the battens of *Sceptre's* mainsail, but her genoa seemed sheeted too far aft, holding the foot tight against the shrouds while allowing the leech to sag away aloft.

In any case, *Columbia* pointed higher while footing faster, a devastating combination. By the time they had covered the six-mile windward leg, a tremendous gap had opened between and *Columbia* rounded the stake boat in an amazing 7 minutes 22 seconds ahead.

For the downwind leg, almost a dead run at the beginning, *Columbia* chose one of her smaller parachute spinners, since the American boats had learned during the trials that large sails were hard to keep full when ghosting; it is better to have a small sail lifting than a big one hanging limp. *Sceptre*, on rounding, set a much bigger parachute, and had the good fortune to pick up a faint



FIRST COUPLE of yachting, Commodore and Mrs. Harold Vanderbilt, study the race from the deck of Vanderbilt's *Versatile*. Mrs. Vanderbilt, who was a member of the afterguard when the Commodore skippered the America's Cup defender *Ranger* to victory against *Endeavor II* in 1937, has a special knack: keeping Vanderbilt crews the most smartly uniformed afloat.



UNCERTAINTY CLOUDS THE COUNTERNANCE OF SKIPPER MANN

slant of air from the shore, which kept her big green-chevroned Herbulôt chute filled. For a while it was a private breeze, and rapidly she overhauled *Columbia*, which was sitting in a flat spot with drooping sails—the one moment of jubilation for *Sceptre* supporters during the afternoon. But in turn the puff died, and *Sceptre* with it.

About halfway home on the first round, there seemed every probability that neither boat could finish within the six-hour time limit. More than half the time had elapsed with less than half the distance covered. Faint cat's-paws kept the crews of both boats busy; for a while, *Columbia* carried her interim jib, and *Sceptre* twice changed chutes, ending with the enormous red, white and blue French Herbulôt which has long been considered something of a secret weapon. A reported 75 feet on the foot—longer than *Sceptre* is over-all—it was enormous. But at that point it could make no difference, especially as a new wind struck in from west. Faint at first, it rapidly freshened, forcing both boats to use jibs as it came ahead. Unfortunately, from the moment it arrived, the race became a parade; the shift put the wind on the beam for the rest of the race.

The boats close-reached to the end of the first round, where *Sceptre* had cut *Columbia's* lead to 2 minutes 24 seconds. The boats reached back and forth once more. *Columbia* again steadily walked away. As *Columbia* headed for home on the last leg while *Sceptre* still went for the mark, mutual embarrassment prevented any of the waving and display of good will which had occurred when the two boats passed close on the final practice sail

late the afternoon before. It is almost as embarrassing to win by too much as to lose by too much.

When *Columbia* swept across the finish she led by 7 minutes and 44 seconds, greater than any defeat she had handed an American opponent during the trials. It was, in fact, a somewhat staggering victory, though other challengers in the past have been defeated by greater margins.

Immediately arises the question as to why such a difference should occur between two vessels so closely controlled by the International Rule of measurement. Certainly, no one in advance anticipated "so one-sided a victory." But neither do I consider the first race conclusive.

Primarily, I should say the effort of the British on Saturday failed to take into consideration one vital point: that anywhere in the world at any time of year there can be periods of very light weather. After a study of past records, it was assumed fresh winds would be the rule off Newport after mid-September. But the exception tests the rule, and *Sceptre* had nothing in the sail locker to cope with the combination of ghostly breezes and a bubble of a sea. Her sails simply refused to take shape, and sails to a racing yacht are as engines to racing cars: the sole driving force. And the difference between good and bad sails reduces to a matter of horsepower.

This planning error was undoubtedly compounded by the fact that *Sceptre's* helmsman and crew were coming to the line "unbloodied, not tested under fire," in the words of her designer, David Boyd. In any sport the newcomer knows tension, and no group could have been under greater pressure than the gallant men of *Sceptre*, the focal point of thousands of spectators and a worldwide attention. All this in their first race—not just the first international competition, as in the case of *Columbia* with 692 miles of hard-fought trials astern, but a real first. Touch on the helm could suffer, judgment in calling sails could be off any number of small seconds, losing situations could develop. These human jitters probably did not materially change the outcome, but they might not have appeared at all if *Sceptre* had found the conditions for which she was prepared. The unexpected is always disconcerting.

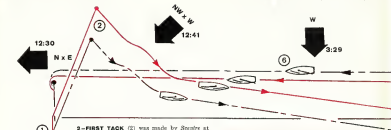
Wind can determine the future. The real battles between boats like these come when the breeze pips to 15 knots and above. Both were designed and outfitted for rail-down going in a slop of a sea. Perhaps in such conditions *Sceptre's* sails would be better, and her crew trained in the near gales of the Solent come into their own. Personally, after a summer of sailing aboard and watching

continued

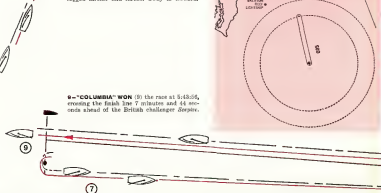
FIRST COUPLE of the U.S., President and Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, get instructions on some of the fine points of sailing from an official representative of the New York Yacht Club aboard the destroyer *Mistake*. The President returned to his own favorite game the next day and, perhaps invigorated by Breton Reef breezes, shot 18 holes of golf in a handsome 82.



1-START was virtually free from lengthy maneuvering. Boats headed for line on starboard tack; *Columbia* (red line), ahead and windward, arrived at line too early and had to bear off (1) and run down line. When starting gun went off at 12:30, both boats crossed line at same time, *Columbia* three lengths ahead and one length to leeward. Wind (arrow) was north by east.



2-FIRST TACK (2) was made by *Sceptra* at 12:36. She attempted to split tacks by going onto port tack; but *Columbia* covered. At 12:41 the wind shifted to northwest by north, hitting *Columbia* first, letting her point higher than *Sceptra*, thus increasing her lead as *Sceptra* sagged farther and farther away to leeward.



9-"COLUMBIA" WON (9) the race at 5:43:56, crossing the finish line 7 minutes and 44 seconds ahead of the British challenger *Sceptra*.

7-THIRD LEG started as boats headed back (7) toward outer mark. *Sceptra* two and a half minutes behind, but *Columbia* moving away.

AMERICA'S CUP continued

the 12s, and being able to study *Sceptra*'s underbody when she was hauled for last-minute work, and having enjoyed the unique privilege of handling the helm of both challenger and defender, and now having watched them matched, however inconclusively, I feel that *Columbia* will prove the better boat.

I believe part of *Columbia*'s superiority lies in design. To my eye, her underwater lines are a composition as beautiful as the drawing of any master, giving her power to windward and speed off the wind. I believe that Briggs Cunningham, Olla Stephens and Harry Sears, as skipper,

6-APPROACHING leeward mark, the wind was blowing from the west, so at 3:15 *Sceptra* switched to a zeeua (8). *Columbia* immediately followed suit, picking up some of the distance she had lost on the starboard run. *Columbia* rounded the mark at 3:47:36 and was able to lay the outer mark on a close reach, port tack. *Sceptra* rounded at 3:49:54. From here on, the race was a parade.

co-helmsman and navigator, have attained a feeling for the boat and the waters that can only come from close competition, and the same is true for Rod Stephens, Fred Lawton and the rest of the deck organization. I believe that concentration on the "little things" will pay off. But, principally, if the first race was any indication, I think the greatest margin will lie in sails.

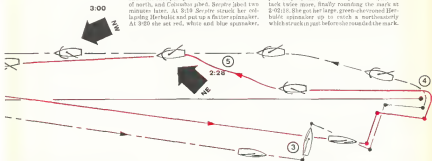
Columbia went into the series with her sail book listing 14 spinnakers, having added the three best of *Weatherly* and the three best of *Vivie*. These range from a 40-foot Watts storm spinnaker of three-ounce Dacron and a 42-foot Ratsey drifting chute of 1.2-ounce Zeta cloth, to *Vivie*'s biggest Hood red-top, 65 feet across the foot. She

AMERICA'S CUP 1958: FIRST RACE

An analysis by ARTHUR KNAPP JR., skipper of "Weatherly," with race diagram by Allen Beechel

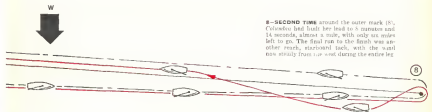
5-RIDING down on northeasterly, her chute drawing, *Serpire* cut two-thirds from *Columbia*'s lead (3). At 3:08, *Columbia* got wind shift and went onto port jibe. At 3 wind shifted west of north, and *Columbia* jibe'd. *Serpire* jibed two minutes later. At 3:19 *Serpire* stuck her collapsing Herbolot and put up a faster spinnaker. At 3:20 she set red, white and blue spinnaker.

4-ROUNDING the mark (4), *Columbia* passed tug at 3:54:56, and 28 seconds later had her bluetopped spinnaker drawing on the starboard jibe. *Serpire*, still unable to lay the mark, had to tack twice more, finally rounding the mark at 4:03:15. She got her large, green-chevrons Herbolot spinnaker up to catch a northeasterly which struck in just before she rounded the mark.



RACE COURSE for America's Cup Buoy nine miles out from Benton Road Lighthouse. Boats tacked toward marker tug six miles away, off Bailey's Beach in Newport. Bearing of marker from starting buoy: 005. After rounding marker, boats went back to America's Cup Buoy to finish first round, then sailed around again to complete total 24-mile windward-leeward race.

3-LONG BEAT to windward, on which *Columbia* eventually outspun *Serpire* in risky going, ended (3) at 1:42 when *Serpire* went about onto starboard tack. *Columbia* covered 40 seconds later. At 1:58, *Serpire* tacked again, *Columbia* again covering, this time after 85 seconds. At 1:59, *Columbia* tacked for the mark.



8-SECOND TIME around the outer mark (8), *Columbia* had built her lead to 5 minutes and 14 seconds, almost a mile, with only six miles left to go. The final run to the finish was another reach, starboard tack, with the wind now steady from 1:30 west during the entire leg.

has really five mastsails, from "The Purple People Eater" for light weather to a Ratsey bulletproof for a blow. She can choose from 18 headsails: balloon interim jib, spinnaker staysail, drifter storm jib and assorted genoas, including two from *Weatherly*. The trials over, ranks were closed against the invader. *Columbia* has aboard or available the best sails from every locker.

After the Final Trials against *Vix* a member of the *Serpire* group confided: "I never saw anything go to windward like your *Columbia*. We only hope that we can stay near enough on the weather legs to have a go at her reaching and running with our Herbolot spinnakers."

Monday in the second race, an excruciatingly slow

affair that was called off when neither boat covered the triangular course in the allotted 5½ hours, *Serpire* got one chance to use her Herbolot. Behind by 200 yards after a three-hour drifting match on the first leg, *Serpire* picked up a faint southwesterly slant, broke out her red, white and blue chute and moved ahead by 400 yards. When the boats rounded the first mark, *Columbia* walked up rapidly and astounded the spectator fleet by breaking through to leeward, to establish a commanding lead. But as they turned the final buoy, it was obvious that time would run out. It did, at 5:50, with the contestants still three miles from home. No decision was reached. The lessons of the first race stood. The real test was to come. **END**

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

To Each His Own

DESPITE a general impression to the contrary among certain salty types, that yacht race off Newport, R.I. was not everyone's cup of tea. There is a tendency, maybe regrettable, maybe not, toward the fanatic in most sports fans, and some of them are just cussed enough to be more interested in their own pet pastime, whether it be skittles or skeet, than in even the America's Cup.

There was a good deal going on in the sporting world last week as the great 12-meters *Scepter* and *Colambis* maneuvered for a start off Newport. The football season was just beginning and, with the fateful perversity that usually marks it, this paramount autumnal pastime was already engaging the hypnotic attention of thousands of fans from coast to coast.

In stadiums not filled by football fans, baseball's pennant race was drawing to a close, but there was still plenty of excitement left to thrill the

faithful. In far-off Baltimore, even as the cup boats were rounding their marks, Hoyt Wilhelm was busily engaged in hurling the underdog Orioles to the first authentic no-hit big league ball game enjoyed by Baltimore in 60 years (see below).

We regret to say (or do we?) that even the most distinguished of the 10,000-odd spectators who braved the seas off Brenton Reef to watch the first America's Cup race in 21 years had at least a part of his mind on other things. A Kansas-bred boy who worked his way up to a grandstand seat at the race (aboard the destroyer *Möcher*) via West Point and the White House, Dwight Eisenhower from the start professed himself pretty mystified by what he was watching. After about 35 minutes, he ordered the destroyer back to port. Then he leaned over a rail and called down to Norman Palmer, the golf pro at the Newport Country Club. "Let's hurry back now," suggested the President. "I'd like to play a few holes unless there's too much wind."

A Black Week

THE NEW YORK YANKEES, pennant in hand and visions of World Series sugarplums dancing in their heads, nonetheless had a hard week—ending in mild disaster at Baltimore. They blew a 4-0 lead in the ninth inning Friday, were smacked with a no-hit, no-run game at the hands of harmless old Hoyt Wilhelm on Saturday and suffered a series sweep when the Orioles won a 3-2 game on Sunday.

How simply frightful, said the loyal legion of Yankee haters. How humiliating. How delightful!

The miserable showing in Baltimore was the last but not the worst thing that happened to the New Yorkers during the week. On the Sunday previous, after clinching the pennant, they celebrated on the train from Kansas City to Detroit. Champagne was opened and so, apparently, was that sly stuff, vodka. Ryne Duren, the big, blond, glasses-wearing, right-handed, fast-balling relief pitcher, apparently does not include teetotaling among his adjectives. At any rate, he spotted Coach Ralph Houk with an unlighted cigar in his mouth and, remembering his Laurel and Hardy movies, playfully squashed it against Houk's face. For some reason Houk did not smile. Instead he sent an angry backhand swat across Duren's face, and the World Series ring he was wearing opened a gash over Duren's eye. Others decided it was time for old Ryne to hit the sack. Old Ryne didn't agree. Don Larsen (six feet four, 220 pounds, and, the papers reported with unprinted exclamation points, sober) tried to stuff Duren into bed and got a knee against his hip for his trouble. But finally Ryne drifted off to slumberland, and the party ended.

They Said It

MRS. ROGER BANNISTER, informed that Promoter Leo Leavitt had cabled an offer to her husband proposing that he run professionally against World Record Miler Herb Elliott: "I think it's perfectly sweet of Mr. Leavitt, but so far his cable hasn't arrived. I wonder what he's offered Roger? Not that it makes any difference. My husband would not be interested."

WILLIE HOPPE, former World Billiard Champion, assessing his abilities on a golf course putting green: "I choke. I punch. I have no touch at all."

TED WILLIAMS, after a spectator, Mrs. Gladys Heffernan, was hit over the eye with a bat he tossed after striking out: "I was mad and I threw the bat, but I didn't mean to throw it that way. I'm very thankful it wasn't a serious injury. I was almost sick . . . I just almost died." **MRS. HEFFERNAN**, according to Williams, when the outfielder went to her box: "Don't worry about me, Ted. I'm all right. I know you didn't mean it."

In the best traditions of what might be called the captive-parrot school of baseball writing (SI, Sept. 22) the New York writers accompanying the team made a gentleman's agreement not to write anything about all this spirited fun. Naturally, however, the news leaked out just three days later.

First reports made it sound like a bloody brawl, and the parrots leaped to reply that it wasn't either bloody (or, anyway, it wasn't a brawl), and it wasn't much of a fight, and Babe Ruth did worse, and why do people insist on printing stories like that?

Well, of course, if they had been alert to the news value of the story when it happened and had written what happened and how and why, the tempest would have been much milder. In "protecting the players

from undeserved publicity" they succeeded in making the publicity twice as bad.

Yes, sir, it was a bad week all around—for the Yankee players, the Yankee management and the Yankee writers.

The Kid from Gothenburg

THIS RIGHT that first knocked Machen down was the heaviest I have ever landed. I felt it right up in my shoulder. It was a long punch, but as it landed I felt it was a perfect one. I felt sorry for Machen then, but boxing is a rough sport and I could not afford to let up. I knew he would have handled me in the same way if the positions had been reversed. Would I like to meet Patterson? Yes, please." Thus spake Ingemar Johansson, 25,

the heavyweight champion of Europe, after he had knocked out Eddie Machen in considerably less than one round at his native city of Gothenburg, Sweden.

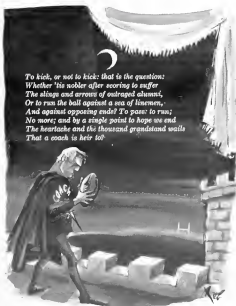
Johansson spoke in his dressing room at the Nya Ullevi stadium. It was tranquil there and as homey as a living room. His mother Ebba was there, and his sister and his brother and his 19-year-old fiancée Birgit Lundgren. His father Jens is not particularly interested in boxing. Neither are the great majority of Swedes, although 53,584 of them showed up to witness the fight out of a major sense of loyalty. Neither they nor his adviser, Edwin Ahlquist, thought Johansson would win. "The outcome," said Ahlquist evenly, "was a surprise for me. I thought Ingemar would be beaten." Many Swedes, indeed, judged the knockout rather a fluke and felt quite sympathetic about Machen's misfortune.

If Johansson had won a victory of such magnitude in almost any other country he would, at the least, have got a torchlight parade, his life story in the papers and a medal from the government. But what did Ingemar get except several headlines? Why, nothing; or, as the phlegmatic Swedes would say, just what was coming to him. Swedes abhor violence; in fact, they even resent it. So when they get worked up about boxing it is usually to oppose the nasty game.

But what manner of man and fighter is Johansson? Ingemar started boxing as an amateur in 1948 when, as an exceptionally strong fellow for his age, he paved the streets of Gothenburg. He won all his senior amateur matches, including several fights on the streets which he had paved; fights critically recorded in the press. Johansson was disqualified in the finals of the 1952 Olympics and chastened in the press for "cowardly behavior" and "running away from his opponent," the title going to the late Ed Sanders. After turning professional, he won all 21 of his bouts, 12 by knockouts, including victories over Joe Bygraves, Franco Cavinchi, Archie McBride, Joe Erskine, Hein ten Hoff and Heinz Neuhäus. He is

continued

*To kick, or not to kick: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler after scoring to suffer
The slings and arrows of outraged alumni,
Or to run the ball against a sea of linemen,
And against opposing ends? To pass: to run;
No more; and by a single point to hope we end
The heartache and the thousand grandstand wails
That a coach is heir to?*



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

quite fast, and a fair boxer with a rather amateurish stand-up style, a straight left paving the way for a fast, short right-hand punch. He knows no other combinations and knows very little of American-style infighting. But he surely can hit. And he is a bear for training. He runs cross-country two hours every weekday, and sometimes on Sundays, spars a minimum of eight rounds each day when training for a fight and ends his training session with 15 minutes of Swedish relaxation calisthenics. He is also good-looking; when he was introduced to Sugar Ray Robinson, Ray said: "You shouldn't be a fighter. You should be in Hollywood."

Cars and airplanes are Johansson's favorite pursuits. He has had many sports cars and now owns a white Thunderbird which is well known in Stockholm as well as Gothenburg. Before the Machen fight he took flying lessons, and he intends to buy a small sports plane when he has obtained his flying certificate. He has, in addition, one interest about which he is extremely sensitive and which, indeed, he wishes to conceal—he has a fondness for modern Swedish and Finnish poetry. A friend caught him once at a bookstore selecting a volume of poetry. Ingemar flushed. "I will shoot you," he said, "if you ever breathe a word about this."

The Fortunes of Wham-O

SINCE this magazine was perhaps the first in the world to tell of the Hula-Hoop (SI, Aug. 4) and the Frisbee (SI, May 13, 1957), frivolous, polyethylene gizmos manufactured by the Wham-O Manufacturing Co. of San Gabriel, Calif. and elsewhere, we have what amounts to an avuncular interest in the concern. So, last week we dutifully looked in at Wham-O's new hooper in Newark, N.J., where the Messrs. A. K. (Spud) Melin and Richard Knerr, Props., are getting things spinning.

Knerr, who is 33, quite large and exhilarated, greeted us like a long-lost nephew. "By George," he said straight off, "the Hula-Hoop is the biggest toy to ever hit the United States, but don't ask me how many

we sold or how much money we've made. I know, but I won't tell you. But I will tell you that it's the first toy to ever hit both sexes with an equal amount of play value. And, by George, you can start playing with it when you're 3 until . . . why, we don't know where it ends. It has tremendous play value. Children are better with it, of course, because they're less inhibited and more flexible; grown-ups need two Martinis. The Hula-Hoop's got a long period of fun, too. And it's got great monkey-see, monkey-do value, too, by George. That's important."

Wham-O, of course, has had some notable flops, by George, in its 11 years of existence, too. "We had this fishing lure," Knerr said, wistfully, "It had a battery inside it and an electric bulb on the end of it. The fish could see it from all over hell in the late evening and in the deep water. By George, the fish went for it, too, but for some reason, not the fishermen. And we had our 'machine gun.' It was a single-shot .22 rifle mounted on a Thompson submachine-gun stock. The FBI told us to stop making it, but we couldn't turn it out for the price, anyhow. And we had a flashlight, a long-range flashlight, but it didn't work too well. Tomabawks. You throw them, by George, and they stick in boards. I think that one must have been too dangerous. We used to go in a lot for mayhem stuff like throwing knives and crossbows. Then we put out swing seats, but we couldn't promote them. The trouble was there was nothing to them. There

was no imagination. They were too simple. But we put out a little toy ice-cream freezer so the kids could make their own ice cream, you know, and it was too complicated."

Wham-O had its genesis when Knerr and Melin graduated from the University of Southern California. "I had a B.S. in foreign trade," said Knerr, "and Spud had taken a general course. We were futsing around that summer raising falcons—you know, those little hawks—and we made some slingshots to shoot meat up to them. By George, we thought then, why not manufacture slingshots, they're a basic item. We sat around trying to get a name for them, something descriptive like Sling-O or Bing-O, and so we chose Wham-O. Later, we thought we might change the name. It sounded a little too cartoonish, but actually it's what the name represents, not what it sells."

"When we started with the Wham-Os we were broke, but we bought a hand saw for \$7.50 down and \$7 a month and set it up in my folks' garage. I'd work the hand saw and Spud would sand them and we'd dip them in a bucket of paint and take them out and sell them. Later we borrowed \$64 for an ad in a magazine and then we got going. We moved out of the garage into a grocery store and had our first employee and payroll: a quart of beer for an hour's work."

"But let me show you our latest—the Whang-Ding." A Whang-Ding is two rubber balls attached to the ends of two lengths of cord which are attached to a wooden handle. The idea is to manipulate the handle so that the balls swing in opposite directions. Knerr did it, too, by George.

As Knerr was diligently swinging the Whang-Ding about his head while holding sales conferences with his apprehensive associates, Spud Melin, who is also 33, not so large, but equally as exhilarated, dropped by.

"You really should have two Martinis before you do it," Spud said critically. "Knerr thinks he's good at it, but he can't even get it into orbit." The balls bounced crazily off Knerr's head.

"You can see why they're made of rubber," Knerr said.



Pigeon Pie à la Mud

An old trapshooter has a whim:
Whenever he's the winner,
He takes day pigeons home with him

And bakes a pie for dinner.

—HARVEY L. CARTER

"Where do we get our ideas?" said Melin. "Why we got this large gorilla we keep in a closet. . ."

Olmedo's Progress

THE BIG question of whether one can become a champion, in this day of dedicated performers and Spartan training, and still enjoy life has been brought sharply into focus in the career of Alejandro Olmedo y Rodriguez, the brilliant Peruvian tennis prodigy who is now on the Davis Cup team. Whatever else may be said about Olmedo's game—he has one of the softest second serves in tennis—he enjoys it. Watching him in the Pacific Southwest tournament, where he defeated Vic Seixas but bowed in the finals to Ham Richardson, one felt that he was not so much winning as having a good time, sporting about the court with the effortless speed and grace of a cat playing with a string, but liable, if the effort ever bored him, to stretch out and relax in the sun. The legendary will to win, the killer instinct, the fierce, glittering eye, the burning determination, the ceaseless hours of preparation, the feverish tension of the great moment, the whole stern Puritanical tradition of North American champions appeared to be lacking in this good-natured descendant of the Incas: he had a good time, and he beat everybody he met except Richardson.

Tennis has never been hard for Olmedo. In the rarefied atmosphere of Arequipa, Peru, where his father was pro of the tennis club, Olmedo played soccer and ran the 100-meter dash; tennis was too much a part of daily life to be taken too seriously.

He was in boarding school in Lima when a Los Angeles professional, imported by the government to teach Peruvian youngsters the game, spotted him and arranged for his trip to the United States. That was four years ago, when Olmedo was 18. He traveled by boat to Cuba, by plane to Miami and by bus to Los Angeles, where he began playing tennis with the likes of Pancho Gonzales, Tony Trabert and Jack Kramer before he knew enough English to murmur



"Well played." With a scholarship at USC, where he makes straight C's in business administration, and a job answering the telephone a couple of times a week at the Peruvian consulate to provide him with a living, Olmedo was perhaps in a better position to enjoy life than any gifted amateur at a comparable stage of his career. Slight, with classic features and a pleasantly picturesque broken English that goes to the heart of female fans, he found nothing about tennis difficult enough to justify hard training in preparation for a match.

Two years ago, when he shifted from Modesto Junior College to USC and became No. 1 on the tennis team immediately, a Southern California tennis enthusiast named Myron MacNamara caught him on the way to a dance before the finals of the Pacific Coast Conference tournament.

"Go home and get to bed," ordered Volunteer Coach MacNamara.

"Just three dances?" asked Olmedo.

MacNamara shook his head. Olmedo held up two fingers, pleadingly. Mac shook his head again. Olmedo held up one finger in reduced appeal,

but MacNamara again shook his head.

Next day Olmedo raced out on the court and blasted his opponent with a ferocious display of offensive tennis, beamed at Coach MacNamara and went dancing.

Bertha (Cont.)

WE left Bertha last week lugubrously circling her pool at Coney Island. And Bertha, alas, left us last week. Although the little white whale refused to eat during her 10 days at Coney, Bertha had consumed 15 or 20 pounds of fish daily at a California aquarium where she sojourned en route from Alaska to New York. Fish is a proper diet for white whales one year old and up, but when Bertha died it was discovered she was not a yearling but a suckling calf, perhaps only four or five months old.

"You feed an infant hominy grits and corn pone," Dr. Carleton Ray of the New York Aquarium parabled, "and it will get plenty sick. We'll try again next year. We've just begun to fight."



ELEGANCE MARKED LIPTON



OLD-STYLE SPLENDOR KEYNOTES THE UPPER HALF OF TODAY'S YACHTSMEN BUT...

NEW WAISTLINE FOR YACHTING

AT FIRST GLANCE—a glance from the waist up—it might seem that yachting as a sport has not changed greatly over the years. Shown here at the upper left corner of the page in the impeccable uniform that marked the true yachtsman of his era is the late Sir Thomas Lipton, perennial cup challenger and famed exemplar of an age during which the late J. P. Morgan told a friend that anyone who had to ask the upkeep of a yacht quite obviously could not afford one.

Ranked alongside Lipton, in a picture snapped only a week or so ago as they strolled along a Newport, R.I. pier on a warm September day, are two contemporary yachtsmen: John S. Dickinson and another Morgan, Charles F., both members of the all-important New York Yacht Club committee which picked Columbia to defend the America's Cup against another British challenger this week. Providing he plays fair and keeps his eye on the top of the page, we defy even the keenest observer to detect any but the most trivial difference between their uniforms and that of Sir Thomas.

Yet there is a difference, and a vast one, not only in the uniforms worn by these yachtsmen of a different era but in the sport they represent. To sample this difference, we invite the reader to contemplate the picture at the bottom of the page which is nothing more or less than the lower half of the picture of the committeemen on top.

It is safe to say that if portly Sir Thomas had appeared in such a getup at Newport in the 1920s, whole cov-
neys of Belmont, Vanderbilt and Mor-

gan ladies would have fled the scene in the awed conviction that he had lost his pants, but in the yachting world of 1958 knobby knees and sneakers are far more fashionable than well-pressed flannels.

Well-tailored gentlemen with time on their hands and money in the bank play with fabulously expensive toys in the waters off Newport today just as they did a generation ago. It may be that yachting to some extent will always be a rich man's sport. But the great floating palaces of yore are gone—the privately owned ocean liners on which fashionable ladies in the latest Paris mode could take tea with impunity from wind and wave. The boats Morgan knew as "yachts" have vanished like the winds of yesteryear from the course off Brenton Reef, giving way to a vast new fleet of smaller, breezier craft crewed by lean young men and shapely girls informally clad in sneakers, shirts and shorts.

Today in one way or another, on diesel cruisers and slippery sailfish, some 20% of the U.S. population goes down to the sea in pleasure boats, spending more in toto on the

sport than even Mr. Morgan could well afford. The once-exclusive New York Yacht Club station at Newport itself is now a public landing open to all. Many of the great houses that sheltered the fashionable colony's yachtmen ashore now stare blindly out to sea with shuttered and boarded windows. But the sea itself is still peppered with enthusiastic sailors as eager to follow the intricate maneuvers of today's relatively modest 12s as their predecessors were to watch the lordly J boats of the fabulous and expensive past.

Yachting, like most everything else, may change its fashions, but the appeal of a freshening breeze, an endless horizon and a challenging sea is timeless and tugs endlessly at the hearts of sailors in J boats and dinghies alike. As sportsmen we revere yachting's aristocratic past and hail its democratic future. As unofficial self-appointed arbiters of fashion we offer congratulations of a high order to the Newport yachtmen pictured here who managed to combine a sense of both in one elegantly tailored uniform.

END

... QUITE DIFFERENT STORY IS TOLD IN YACHT CLUB UNIFORM FROM WAIST DOWN



United States Testing Co. reports:

"PHILLIES PANATELLAS MILDEST," SAY 4 OUT OF 5 SMOKERS



METHOD OF TEST

Cigars of each brand were purchased in metropolitan areas by representatives of United States Testing Co. Panels of smokers compared Phillies Panatellas for mildness against the 4 best selling, higher priced Panatellas. All brand identity was removed.

CONCLUSION

"In every case the Phillies Panatella was overwhelmingly described as milder."

MILDNESS TEST RESULTS: PHILLIES PANATELLA VS. BEST SELLING, HIGHER PRICED PANATELLAS		
PHILLIES VS. BRAND "A" 2 for 27¢		88% JUDGED PHILLIES PANATELLAS (8%) Milder
PHILLIES VS. BRAND "B" 2 for 25¢		68% JUDGED PHILLIES PANATELLAS (6%) Milder
PHILLIES VS. BRAND "C" 2 for 25¢		75% JUDGED PHILLIES PANATELLAS (6%) Milder
PHILLIES VS. BRAND "D" 10¢		82% JUDGED PHILLIES PANATELLAS (8%) Milder

NEW "MIRACLE MILDNESS" NEW LOW PRICE!

5 for **39¢**



KICKOFF IN DIXIE

Jim Tatum, rebuilding at North Carolina, tells how it's done—only he hasn't yet figured out how to win 'em all

by ROY TERRELL

IF INDEED, as some preseason commentators would have had us believe, there exists a multitude of otherwise sane persons who have spent the past months waiting with gnawed knuckles and bated breath to find out whether the new conversion rule is going to drastically change the face of American college football this fall, they may now be advised to relax. The 1958 season got under way around the country last Saturday and the results are now on record.

In a sampling of some two dozen major college games only one was decided by an extra point. Texas Tech came from behind in the fourth quarter to tie Texas A&M 14-14—and then won the game 15-14 with an old-fashioned place kick.

There were 135 touchdowns scored in those games, and in 71 cases the new two-point bonus for a conversion by run or pass was ignored; they stuck to the old one-point kick and connected 49 times. In the other 64 cases the gamble paid off 26 times which netted the more daring 52 points. In other words, you takes your chances and you makes your choice—and you're just about going to break even. Apparently the rules makers have established some pretty solid odds.

There is one additional factor which should be borne in mind, however. In many cases the team essaying the two-point play did so only as an experimental gesture; they were, at the time, running away with the game. Maybe this is what Duffy Daugherty, the sage of East Lansing, Mich., meant when he said some time ago: "As Confucius say, team which scores many touchdowns need not worry about extra point."

Since half a dozen of the opening week's biggest games were in the

South—where they look upon stories of Midwest domination of the sport as carpet-bagging' Yankee propaganda—it seemed like a fine opportunity to drop in at Chapel Hill and see how Sunny Jim Tatum was coming along with his rebuilding program at the University of North Carolina.

Sunny Jim wasn't so sunny. He had a cold and a sore throat and could hardly talk, and to Jim Tatum this is a fate worse than being hanged in effigy. Still, between luncheon courses at the Monogram Club (and there were several, since Tatum must watch his weight—if it drops below 250, his clothes won't fit) he managed to croak out several thousand words on a subject to which he has given some thought.

"In four years after he takes a job," he said, "a coach who knows his business should be able to produce as good a team as he is ever going to have. Of course, if you come up with a Justice or a Kazmaier, you can do better. But the general level of your teams should balance out. If you can't do the job in four years and then keep on doing it pretty consistently after that, you should quit."

Tatum has been at Carolina three years now and, with the game against North Carolina State still a couple of days away, he admitted that things were going pretty good. For a while, in 10 postwar seasons as head coach at Oklahoma and Maryland, he had almost forgotten what it was like to lose a football game—his teams were undefeated three times in regular-season play, went to six bowl games and won a national championship—and he had to admit that the past two seasons hadn't been too pleasant, but things were looking up.

"We won only two games in '56," he said, demolishing a sandwich constructed from two slices of rye bread,

two pieces of ham, a slice of roast beef, some Swiss cheese, a liberal dose of mustard and some black-eyed peas, "but that was as good as they had done down here since Charlie Justice left. Hadn't had a winning season in seven years. Never beat anybody that beat anybody else. Then, last year we did all right. We won six out of 10. We beat Navy when they were undefeated and won the big game with Duke for the first time in seven years.

"Now I got a ball club that is 100% better than last year—more depth, more experience, better defense, better passing, better receiving, better everything. Of course," he added quickly, as if he had spent the entire summer listening to Fred Haney, "that doesn't mean we'll win a game. Everybody else is improved, too."

The manner in which Tatum went about assembling this representative group of young student athletes, as he will tell you himself, is exactly the same as would have Bear Bryant or Bud Wilkinson, his old assistant at Oklahoma, or Woody Hayes or the late Red Sanders or any one of a dozen other topflight professionals: by devoting every single waking hour—and quite a few when he should have been sleeping—to doing what had to be done. A man of gargantuan size and appetite to match (he has kept the black-eyed-pea growers of the South solvent for years and hasn't hurt the distillers, either), Jim Tatum is also a man of prodigious energy. He has been called an organizational genius and perhaps he is; certainly his vast concern with what others might consider the less important elements of his operation have contributed to his success.

He finds his players through a far-flung scouting system which includes having members of his staff assiduously read, clip and file Pennsylvania papers ("There are 800 high schools playing football in Pennsylvania while about half the schools in this state—I think there are about



FLOWING THROUGH PAPER HOOP, CON KEMPER AND JIM SCHULER LEAD TAR HEELS ONTO FIELD FOR OPENER AGAINST N.C. STATE

400—don't even have a football team. Where would you look for football players?"). He attracts them by surprisingly low-pressure methods and by offering exactly the best deal the NCAA will allow and not a penny more. North Carolina takes justifiable pride in the fact that the school has been under no suspicion of illegal recruiting despite Tatum's past reputation (to which Tatum replies: "If I thought I could get away with it, I would").

As for coaching technique and strategy, Tatum refuses to consider himself a genius—although he will admit that he is pretty good—nor does he even believe that such a thing as a coaching genius exists.

"Look," he croaked last week, "we all know the same things and use the same plays. All this talk about one offense or one system being so superior to another is nonsense. The thing

that wins football games is defense. It stops the other team and gives your offense a chance to move the ball. All the top coaches know that now. Look at how Bryant works or Shug Jordan down at Auburn or Woody Hayes, Look at Bud. Here is perhaps the man with the greatest flair for offensive tactics I've ever known. But you watch Oklahoma these days. The thing that kills you is their defense."

YOU CAN'T OUTSMART THEM NOW

"That's what enabled coaches like Wallace Wade and Bob Neyland and Bernie Bierman and Jock Sutherland to dominate the game 25 years ago. They discovered this before anyone else. Remember the kind of football they played? Of course in those days most coaches were in the business because they weren't smart enough to do anything else, and a

really outstanding man could get a big jump on the rest. Now just about every coach is a lawyer or a doctor or an engineer or a professor, and you can't outsmart them any more.

"All you can do is outwork them—or at least that's all a big old dumb country boy like me can do. That's what makes the difference. Dedication to the job. You eat and sleep and live football 12 months a year, every minute of the day, and you come up with a winner. You have to sacrifice everything to that. And if you feel that it's too much of a sacrifice, you ought to get out of the business. I don't feel like I'm making any sacrifice at all. I love it. I wouldn't want it any other way.

"I'm going to give them good teams here at Carolina. That's what they hired me for and that's what they have every right to expect. We'll

continued

have some 7-3 years and maybe some 8-2 years. Maybe we'll get to some bowls. But we'll never have a national champion. The school is too tough academically. You can't get every boy in that you might like to have and you can't always count on keeping those you do.

"But I'll tell you, everyone down here is pretty reasonable. At Maryland if you lost one game, they were after your job. At Carolina they don't do that. I suppose that's because they haven't been spoiled. Last time they had an undefeated team here was in 1898.

"Even the alumni," grins Tatum, "are pretty reasonable. I guess if a coach can say that, there isn't much more that he can ask."

If Tatum is happy at Carolina, certainly Carolina is happy with Tatum—which is quite a switch from 2½ years ago. His arrival on the campus back in 1956 was greeted by an editorial in the *Daily Tar Heel*, which screamed that "Professionalism in athletics has come home to roost in Chapel Hill." Tatum, in characteristic fashion, defended the student editors' right to criticize his methods but disagreed wholeheartedly with their viewpoint. "If they didn't want big-time football here," he said, getting right to the heart of the matter, "they wouldn't have hired me."

Today everyone at Carolina, including the student editors, the student body, the faculty and the alumni, have to admit that Tatum has accomplished what he started out to

do without seriously disturbing the status quo. Fears that his football program would dominate the school have vanished; critics who claimed that he worked on the premise that overexposure to study could be ruinous to a good football player have been hushed. There are still the books and undisturbed are the traces of Ivy—southern Ivy, that is—but there is a pretty good football team, too.

Perhaps most important of all, there exist today across the lovely tree-lined campus, in the stately old red and white brick colonial dormitories and classrooms, a sense of spirit and pride and enthusiasm which represents the finest thing that intercollegiate football can really ever do. At Carolina football has become a respectable—and important—part of campus life once more.

Carolina didn't even mind so much the fact that its team, favored by two touchdowns, blew the season opener to State. After all, the entire Atlantic Coast Conference seemed to be a bit confused last Saturday.

At least the 1958 North Carolina football team demonstrated that it wasn't going to quit. While Tatum paced the sideline like a taunted tiger behind bars, his ball club gave the ball away deep in its territory four times in the first half, and then dangled if they didn't come out right after the half and do it again. It was a wonder State led by only 21-0.

But then they began to roll. Playing good football, they scored twice in the last quarter to make the final score 21-14, and this was nothing to be ashamed of at all. There are other

games ahead and Carolina is going to win some of them. This is more than they could have said at Chapel Hill three years ago.

While Tatum was losing, more than a thousand miles away the University of Texas beat Georgia partially because of the presence on its coaching staff of a rather dignified, introspective gentleman of 48 named Lan Hewlett, who never won a varsity letter in football nor, for that matter, even pulled on a cleat. Despite his nonathletic background—his undergraduate Saturday afternoons were spent tooting a clarinet in the Longhorn band—horn-rim glasses and professorial air, Hewlett's credentials are in perfect order. At Texas they do not consider it important that he knows little or nothing about the fine points of the split-T and couldn't tell a red dog from a Doberman pinscher. Lan Hewlett is the "brain coach."

Brain Coach Hewlett is, in a manner of speaking, the brain child of Darrell Royal, the successful young man who quarterbacked Oklahoma back in the days of Jim Tatum, no less, and found himself a spot deep in the heart of Texas last fall by leading his sophomoreish Longhorns into the Sugar Bowl in his first attempt.

Upon his arrival in Austin in the spring of 1957, Royal discovered that the university was embarked upon a program to raise its academic standards to new and formidable heights. With understandable dismay he also discovered a byproduct of this otherwise admirable venture: 15 scholastically ineligible football players. Royal, only 34, has been known in his youthful idealism to suggest that big-time football and high academic standards can co-exist on the same campus. To be perfectly honest, however, there is no record that Darrell leaped into the air and clicked his heels in mounting joy over the chance to put this somewhat revolutionary theory to the test. What he did do was ask Dr. Logan Wilson, president of the university, to give him a man who could spend all of his time helping the boys with their problems. That man turned out to be Hewlett.

"I guess you would have to say," Hewlett says now, "that Darrell invented me."

A father—his youngest son is drum major of the Longhorn band—and a grandfather, Hewlett has a master's degree in bacteriology, spent six years

continued



TCU'S JACK SPIES DIVES THROUGH HAPLESS KANSAS TACKLERS TOWARD 42-0 VICTORY



Wolfschmidt
has the secret
of making
real vodka!

This distinguished dog-about-town won't tell. But one sip of Wolfschmidt will. The secret is in Wolfschmidt's new, exclusive refining process which gives you the clearest,

cleanest vodka ever to glorify a drink. Here's a happy companion that remains incognito in almost anything liquid. There's nothing so subtle, so satisfying as Wolfschmidt.

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. MADE FROM GRAIN, 100 OR 80 PROOF, PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

in public health work, was a major in the Army and taught high school science before joining the coaching staff last fall. But right now he says he is doing the most interesting—and quite likely the most valuable—work he has ever done.

"Actually," says Hewlett, who has a friendly smile, crew-cut brown hair and looks much younger than most grandfathers, "I am more of a counselor than a teacher." He does conduct a study hall four nights a week on the second floor of the new air-conditioned English building, but most of the actual instructional help in specialized subjects is done by tutors who are standing by for consultation in the surrounding rooms. Hewlett advises the players on their courses of study and registration procedures, helps them work out a balanced schedule, keeps a constant check on grades and informs them of various campus services, such as the testing and guidance bureau.

THEY'RE NOT SO DUMB

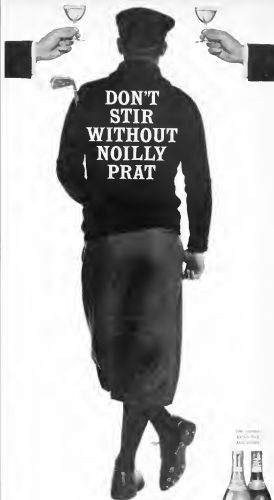
"You see," Hewlett says, "the problem is not primarily one of lack of knowledge or intelligence among football players. The day of the dumb athlete, if it ever existed, is definitely over. Records show that the average grades of athletes here are slightly higher than for other students. And this is not a result of crisp courses. Most of our football players are majoring either in engineering or business administration."

Hewlett feels that his duty extends even to the brilliant student and his best example is Maurice Doke, the outstanding Longhorn end who makes high honor marks in the tough school of chemical engineering.

"Sometimes," says Hewlett, "students with Cadillac brains want to putter along in the low-priced field. I encourage them to take a bigger bite. 'If you carry an average work load,' I tell them, 'and make straight A's, so what?'"

Does Hewlett think the idea will spread? "Well," he says, "Jess Neely down at Rice went a-scout around here last spring and I think they are trying it on a part-time basis this year. I don't see how it can keep from spreading. It's like religion. Everyone should have some of it."

This fall, when Royal checked on his squad, only three varsity players were scholastically ineligible. **END**



Your cocktails come to life when you use Noilly Prat! These imported French vermouths—*Extra Dry* for Martinis, *Sweet* for Manhattans—are *natural* vermouths. They make a *vital* difference in your cocktails. Or, try them straight—on-the-rocks—as they do in France, for delicious, light refreshment.



BROWN VINTEES CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.



NASHUA—\$29,100 PER SHARE



GALLANT MAN—\$41,666.67

THE HIDDEN GAMBLE IN

The public knows little of the million-dollar bets made on our top horses by racing's big syndicates. Here's how they pay off—sometimes

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE most spectacular form of gambling in racing today is partnership in a Thoroughbred breeding syndicate. Whereas once upon a time—in the very long ago, before income taxes and the \$100,000 weekly stakes race—a wealthy man gambled on a horse's nose, today he must figure that what he can't get back in purses he must retrieve on the success of his horse's ability at the stud.

With the recent sale by Ralph Lowe of three-quarters interest in Gallant Man for \$1 million—and the announcement last week of syndication plans for Ballymoss in England and Porterhouse in Kentucky—public attention has been directed toward a facet of racing's business little understood by the layman even after the widely publicized sale of Nashua to a syndicate for the then record price of \$1,251,200 three years ago.

"There is no more mystery about

syndication of a horse than the syndication of an issue of bonds by Morgan Stanley for the American Telephone and Telegraph Co." is the way one syndicate participant puts it.

"A fine stallion costs more than one man wants to risk, and the risk is very great because the horse may not be fertile—and if he is, his offspring may be no good as race horses. So he takes in a number of partners to share the risk, and each one takes one or more shares. This means that the owner of each share may send one of his mares to be bred to the stallion each year for free. Or he can sell or exchange his breeding season (a season is the horseman's definition of each individual mating of a stallion to a broodmare) for a season to another stallion. Or, instead, he may sell his share in the stallion any time he wants to—and often does, at a handsome profit."

The modern inflated value of stud fees has created a situation whereby participation in a syndicate is often the only way for a man to breed to a potentially top stallion, and now leading privately owned studs (such as Bull Lea, Native Dancer, Tim Tam, Bold Ruler, Mahmoud, Citation, Khaled and Swaps) are the exception rather than the rule. Among those stallions owned by syndicates, in addition to Nashua and Gallant Man, are Polynesian, Traffic Judge, Determane, Olympia, Bolero, Roman, Ambiorix, Alibhai, My Babu, Princequillo, Hehopolis and, of course, the most successful sire of the past few years, the legendary Nasrullah, sire of both Nashua and Bold Ruler. Another champion, Tom Fool (sire of Tim Tam) is in the process of being syndicated for 1969 by Greentree Stable which, while retaining 15 shares for their own use, is asking \$50,000 each for another 20 shares.

Although it was not known officially as syndication years ago, the practice of owning a stud horse in partnership is hardly new. Conscientious breeders—cautiously mindful of not oversaturating their own stock with too much of one blood strain—



BALLYMOSS — \$17,500



ROUND TABLE — \$80,000?

RACING

have always traded seasons with their neighbors. But when the potential desirability of one stallion over another became increasingly apparent, even the most prosperous U.S. breeders began to find the market too hot for one man's resources. The first instance may have been in 1926 when the late Arthur B. Hancock Sr. went abroad to buy Sir Gallahad III. Finding the asking price of \$125,000 too much to swing by himself he enlisted the aid of three friends to form what later developed into a profitable partnership. A decade later Hancock formed a syndicate in eight shares to buy Blenheim II for \$240,000.

Today syndicates are usually made up of 32 shares, and the formation of one requires merely: 1) a good horse; 2) a number of people willing to risk a lot of money in a slow-to-pay-off investment; and 3) a supersalesman who can quickly and efficiently round up the horse, the people and the money. There are today only three such outstanding salesmen, and all three, Leslie Combs II, A. B. (Bull) Hancock and Lou Doherty, operate breeding farms within 20 miles of each other in the Bluegrass country of Kentucky. Each of the three has a reliable

clientele, a sharp and critical eye for a potential stud horse and the know-how to manage a syndicate with all the smoothness of a cruise director taking a landing party of schoolteachers ashore in Havana. "There is nothing very complicated about the mechanics of forming a syndicate," says Leslie Combs, who won out in the sealed-bid contest for Nashua in 1955 and who (with John W. Hanes) topped even that exploit by negotiating the Gallant Man deal the other day. "Everyone in the horse business usually knows which horses will be retired to stud privately and which are in the open market for syndication. And, acting on the theory that no sensible owner-breeder wants to put all his eggs in one basket by sending too many of his mares to one stallion [few modern breeders, in fact, care to risk breeding more than one quarter of their mares to any stallion, no matter how great his potential], I have a pretty good idea of who might like to breed to a certain horse—if that horse's services could be made available."

SPEED DESIRABLE

"But let's get specific. In Gallant Man's case I knew an awful lot of people who would want to breed to him no matter where he was retired to stud. And I liked him myself, largely because of his speed. Disregarding any shortcomings he may have, I always like a horse with real speed, speed that

he can turn on anywhere in a race. Gallant Man has this sort of speed. So my next step is to approach Mr. Lowe. You don't ask people to go in on a syndicate until you are pretty sure you have the horse; in other words, when I start negotiating with an owner, both he and I understand that I personally assume the financial responsibilities should we make a deal. Thus, in Nashua's case only three of us put up the money in the bidding, then we broke it down into shares later on. In Gallant Man's case, when Mr. Lowe said he wanted one million for three-quarters interest [making his total value of \$1,333,333 higher even than the purchase of Nashua], Mr. Hanes and I bought him on our own, with plenty of assurance that it wouldn't take us long to sell shares. It didn't, either: just a day and a half to raise the money, and if some people hadn't been away on vacation I could have done it over the phone in less than an hour."

The fabulous price of \$41,666.67 for one share of Gallant Man represents a risk that few horsemen can afford, and yet, from an investment standpoint, it may well be a better deal than an attempt to buy just one season to him at an annual cost of \$10,000. For the buyer in any syndicate has a number of attractive and favorable factors working for him. He can use this desirable blood

continued



**IRON LIEGE
GOES OVER THERE**



Never a great champion, Calumet's plucky Iron Liege still won the 1957 Derby with a feat unmatched before or since: he finished ahead of Gallant Man (above), Round Table,



Bold Ruler. Now the onetime baby in whom SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has always taken a fond interest (SI, Feb. 25, May 13, 1957) goes to France, bought by Breeder Marcel Boussac.

RACING'S GAMBLE *continued*

strain to supplement the strains provided by his own stallions; he can plan his breeding program with the knowledge that as long as the stallion is capable of fulfilling his stud duties the syndicate member is on the free list and, most important, he has the option of trading, selling or getting out entirely if he wants.

To see how this could work let's take Nashua as an example. If you had bought one share of this celebrated runner (whose trainer, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, is pictured on pages 40-41 with his multifarious offspring) in 1955, your initial outlay would have been \$39,100. The following year Nashua raced in the Combs colics, but he was also racing for you and other syndicate members. He did pretty well, too, winning about

\$350,000. After deductions for expenses the syndicate manager would have sent you a check for approximately \$8,000. The next spring Nashua went to the stud and there you had the option of either breeding one of your own mares to him or selling your 1957 season only for \$10,000. The same option was given to you in 1958. Now, supposing—and this is a big if—that everything had gone perfectly for you. As of this moment you would have one weanling by Nashua and another mare in foal to him and a season that sells at the market price of \$10,000. Your material assets are considerable: the weanling, being out of Nashua's first crop, should bring a minimum of \$30,000 at next summer's Keeneland or Saratoga sales; the mare in foal might bring more than that right now—and if you wanted out of the syndicate altogether right

now your single share would go for between \$50,000 and \$60,000. A profit, and how!

Taking another realistic look, however, your \$39,100 investment might have taken a different turn. As no racing animal is tested for fertility before his retirement from the track, nobody knew in Nashua's case (nor do they in Gallant Man's) whether their purchase was capable of producing for them. This is the greatest risk of all (only when a horse is retired prior to purchase by a syndicate is certified proof of fertility standard procedure). Secondly, as the average stallion gets only between 75% and 85% of his mares in foal, you stand a 20% chance of having a barren mare every time you send her to be bred. Thus, under adverse conditions, it might have developed that you would have had your best mare twice barren to Nashua, nothing by him either to race or sell, a singularly one-sided account book and an understandably long face.

To add to these worries and pitfalls, of course, is the problem of getting along with the Internal Revenue Department. Thoroughbreds, for book-keeping and depreciation purposes, are treated like producing factory machinery; in other words, a horse at stud is considered a "producing machine" having a limited productive life, and the owner is entitled to recover his investment through depreciation. The normal life of usefulness for stallions averages 16 years

continued



BULL HANCOCK, son of famous breeder, owner of Claiborne Farm, bought Nasrullah, sire of Nashua, Bold Ruler, to be syndicated in 34 shares at \$10,600.



LESLIE COMBS, victor in bidding for Nashua (\$85,100 a share), Gallant Man (\$41,565 a share) to syndicate at Spendthrift Farm, favors colt with real speed.



LOU ODHERT, owner of Lexington's Stallion Station, boards 12 syndicated studs (and three owned privately), now aids Portershouse at \$7,000 a share.



Copyright 1986 by The Seven-Up Company

Turn a good shot into a great highball... mix with mellowing **Seven-Up!**

Here's what 7-Up does for your whiskey: Seven-Up flatters it . . . brings out its best flavor and makes it even mellow. Here's what 7-Up *doesn't* do: dilute your whiskey . . . make it weak and tasteless.

Wouldn't you like a highball that's rich and full-flavored as a highball should be? Try one with 7-Up . . . and see what you've been missing.

P.S. Forget the swizzle stick. Seven-Up even stirs itself!

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!







MR. FITZ AND FAMILY

THE old gentleman in the sporty suit and straw hat seated on the left is the most beloved man in all of horse racing. He is Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, and this photograph is remarkable and touching because it shows him together with 63 descendants in the paddock at New York's Belmont Park shortly before his 84th birthday. To identify four generations of his family, turn page.

Photograph by Richard Mark

FRANCE'S MOST POPULAR CAR

très agréable *(or, driving is fun again)*

comfortable Roomy, 4-door comfort and a really big luggage compartment (7 cubic feet!). Amazing amount of head room, foot room, kids room.

manoeuvrable All-weather, all-country roadability. Only 155 inches of car to park and maneuver. Rear engine; easy conventional American shift.

formidable A pleasure to own and drive any way you look at it. Trim, elegant, Parisian styling; a whole palette of body colors to choose from with contrasting vinyl-and-fabric upholstery.

budget-able Only \$1645 Port of Entry, N. Y. including these delightful economies: up to 40 mpg; a very high resale value; over 500 coast-to-coast Service and Parts HQ. Fun from the word *elles!* See and try your Dauphine, today.

RENAULT Dauphine 



MADE IN FRANCE. FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER OR WRITE: RENAULT, INC., 438 PARK AVENUE, N. Y. 10017

(and he is bred to an average of 35 mares a year). So if you invest in a 5-year-old horse the tax laws permit an annual deduction for depreciation of the animal of a fraction over 9% of the cost price per year. This deduction becomes an annual charge against income, just like any other item of expense, such as insurance, feed or labor. But as no two people ever have exactly the same tax problems anyway, two horsemen rarely find themselves facing the same obstacle. The seller of a high-priced stallion is selling a capital asset, under normal capital gains rates. The breeder, depending upon his own financial situation, usually has but one of two courses to follow: 1) he buys only individual seasons to a stallion and treats it as an annual breeding expense, or 2) he buys a share in a stallion and treats it as a depreciable capital asset.

The practice of syndicating race horses at higher and higher prices will go on as long as racing grows more

commercial and less sporting. With purses available to a good horse reaching astronomical figures, it stands to reason that sales prices will climb too. An old rule of thumb for evaluating a stallion was to take his stud fee, multiply it by three and then multiply it by 30 (the first multiplication because after his first three crops a stallion's value will vary depending upon the success of his first crop; the second multiplication because if he is bred to 40 mares a year he should expect to get 30 of them in foal). Today this system would put both Nashua and Gallant Man in the \$900,000 bracket, which still seems grossly excessive for unproven stallions. A lot of potential breeders (particularly the commercial breeder who knows full well that the million-dollar winner, born in an age of absurd racing economies, is no sure bet to be a world beater at the stud) would prefer to send their mares to the courts of less expensive stallions who have already made their mark in the stud. An example of this—and of the many smaller syndicates now in operation

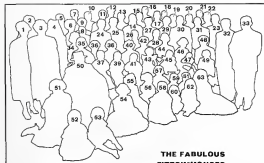
—is The Doge. A share, at the moderate price of \$1,500, has developed into a success story for most investors, and for one, E. Gay Drake, it was a windfall: his Swoon's Son, by The Doge, is almost a millionaire.

One or two standout offspring can make all the difference in a breeder's mind. Nasrullah, of course, is the outstanding example. Bought by Bull Hancock for a 34-way-split syndicate at \$10,000 a share in 1950, one share last year sold for \$55,000, and even though Nasrullah is 18 years old now, a share, if any were for sale, would bring \$40,000. Polynesian once stood for \$3,500 a season. After producing Native Dancer, his stud fee soared to \$10,000. Windy City II was standing for \$2,000. Then he sired Old Pueblo and Restless Wind, and his fee climbed to \$3,500.

This week, just when all of us thought we would have a chance to see Gallant Man have a head-on meeting with Round Table in the Woodward Stakes at Belmont, the news comes that The Man has pulled up lame in a workout, thus ending his racing career for this year and perhaps for good. The injury is not likely to affect his prospects at stud unfavorably. Nevertheless, Gallant Man's retirement—following the breakdowns of Tim Tam, Bold Ruler and Cavan this year, and of Gen. Duke and others last year—raises again in an acute form the question of whether there is not something seriously wrong with training methods in this country. Specifically, the question is whether the crazy, uncoordinated economics of modern racing, which offer a precocious horse too many chances to win too much money in too short a time, are not cutting short racing careers which are given no chance of normal fulfillment. It would be sociologically analogous if we saw, say, teen-agers being retired from the business of living, hobbled by exhaustion or other physical handicap, after winning a couple of TV giveaway programs.

Anyway, this seems to leave the road clear for Round Table to become the only high-class American horse in the last two years to remain in business. Owner Travis Kerr, by the way, has indicated that when he retires Round Table he intends to syndicate the colt at \$50,000 a share. Even our most inflation-minded gamblers laugh at this figure, but maybe the horse is worth it on the sole grounds of durability.

END



THE FABULOUS
FITZSIMMONSES

Key to the family (prepared on page 10, 11): 1. Mrs. Edward Carr Sr. 2. Mrs. James W. Fitzsimmons holding infant Sally Ann Fitzsimmons 3. Mrs. Joseph Harder Sr. 4. Sister Maria Annella S. Edward Carr Sr. 5. Mrs. Harvey Fitzsimmons Jr. 6. Robert Hohmann 6. John Fitzsimmons 8. Mrs. Harold Fitzsimmons 9. Harold Fitzsimmons 11. Robert Carr 12. Laurence Jark Fitzsimmons 13. Thomas Fitzsimmons 14. Kathleen Fitzsimmons 15. Joseph Fitzsimmons 16. Jean W. Fitzsimmons 17. Frederick Fitzsimmons 18. Harvey Fitzsimmons Jr. 19. George Fitzsimmons 20. Walter Moffatt 21. William Carr 22. Joseph Harder Sr. 23. James Traub Sr. 24. Harvey Fitzsimmons III 25. William Fitzsimmons 26. Robert Moffatt 27. Mrs. John Fitzsimmons 28. Leo Hornung 29. Mrs. Harvey Fitzsimmons Sr. 30. Harvey Fitzsimmons Sr. 31. James Fitzsimmons Jr. 32. John A. Fitzsimmons 33. Edward Carr Jr. 34. Loraine Fitzsimmons 35. Barbara Fitzsimmons 36. Mrs. Robert Hohmann 37. John Hohmann 38. Mrs. Walter Moffatt 39. Christopher Moffatt 40. Mrs. James Traub 41. James Traub Jr. 42. Mrs. Edward Carr Jr. 43. Nancy Carr 44. Mrs. Paul Hornung 45. Patricia Hornung 46. Mrs. William Carr 47. James Carr 48. Mrs. George Fitzsimmons 49. Catherine Carr 50. "Mr. Fitz" at Killebrew Fitzsimmons 51. Margaret Hohmann 52. Joanne Hohmann 53. Linda Moffatt 54. Susan Moffatt 55. Jeanne Harder 57. Elizabeth Fitzsimmons 58. Susan Fitzsimmons 59. Joseph Harder Jr. 60. Mary Ann Harder 61. Brian Hornung 62. Judith Moffatt 63. Teresa Hornung.



An Old Oriental Custom

Subtle Tea

IN THE ORIENT it has long been the custom to blend two or more fine teas, along with spices. Who are we to depart from it?

Our new tea is a cunning union of tiny tender leaves of Ceylon and Indian teas. Mingling them brings out the absolute best of each, as marriage is said to do.

We then added secret spices. The result is a noble tea whose aromatic bouquet will elicit sharp little cries of anticipation from your guests.

The flavor is referred to by connoisseurs as "rich" and "rounded." Subtle Tea is bracing as a sharp wind over salt water. It is said to give even senior citizens a new sense of enterprise.

P. S. This is one of over 50 Gourmet Foods, culled from the four corners of the world. If your department store and specialty shops don't carry them yet, write us. We'll give directions by return post.



GENERAL FOODS



GOURMET FOODS

White Plains, New York

TROTTING / *Jeremiah Tax*

The unsmiling Irishman

Joe O'Brien, a shy little man with a big, explosive talent, won the Jug in a quick move

WINTER is a long and rugged season on Canada's Prince Edward Island, where Joe O'Brien was born and raised and learned to drive his father's horses. Keeping animals in shape during those months is a problem, and Joe used to solve it by hitching his trotters and pacers to a two-seat sleigh and driving them through the streets of the town over the hard-packed snow. He became a familiar local sight as he drove in the characteristic manner which today is a trademark on harness tracks all over this country: the hunch of concentration, the arms immobile, the fixed, tight line of the lips. The style gave strength and dignity to the slight, slender figure of the man.

One who watched on a snowy afternoon 18 years ago was pretty Betty Flood, fresh from college and liking what she saw. She eyed the empty sleigh seat and passed the word. Promptly at the appointed time next day came Joe O'Brien.

"Hello, Miss Flood," said Joe, and "Goodby, Miss Flood," said Joe an hour later, and the rest of the time, as they drove over the snow, he said not a word else. Betty Flood tried every conversational gambit known to pretty girls and some, perhaps, that are learned in college. Alas.

"He seems like a nice boy," she told her mother, "but he doesn't say very much."

A week later, it was the same. "Hello, Miss Flood," said Joe, and "Goodby, Miss Flood," said Joe.

"He is a nice boy," Betty told her mother, "even if he doesn't say very much." So, they were married.

The scene and the horses have now changed, but it is still the same Joe O'Brien who last week won the Little Brown Jug, premier event for 3-year-old pacers, at Delaware, Ohio. Shy,

no lover of his own voice, and something of a genius in the sulky.

The special quality of that talent, which takes it beyond judgment of pace and the courage to compete, is native only to truly great athletes. It is the can't-be-acquired instinct to react instantaneously to the barest opening by which the opposition betrays itself. It had won for Joe every other major event the sport offers, and last week it won the Jug. In a flash of opportunity and response, the race was over. Just that quickly.

Joe and his horse, Shadow Wave, had drawn No. 12 post position in a 12-horse field. That meant he would start in the second tier of horses behind the gate and four wide of the rail. On any track, this is bad; on Delaware's saucerlike track with hardly a straight stretch for passing room, it was terrible. And then, as the gate approached the starting line, the No. 5 horse in the front tier lagged a step or two behind. There was a slice of clear daylight. It would be gone in seconds. It might be wide enough for a sulky. Joe O'Brien went through it like a bullet through wet paper.

On the same momentum, a hundred yards farther, he was ahead of every horse that might beat him. Now they had to pass to win, and they couldn't. Winning the first heat earned Joe No. 1 position in the second. With that favorable start, he was first all the way. There is no intent to slight a game colt like Shadow Wave, who paced all-out with little urging, but he was given the race track by Joe O'Brien in one quick move.

In the winner's circle, later, the crowd of photographers met the quiet man from Prince Edward. "Come on, Joe—a big smile!" they called repeatedly. Joe would give it a try, and the corners of that tight line would curl up slightly. Betty O'Brien, wet eyed, watched this, a step apart. She could have explained it to the photographers. "He doesn't smile very much, either," she might have said, "but he really is a nice guy."

END

ZIPPO...THE LIGHTER THAT WORKS



THE ZIPPO—MADE BY A TOUGH, UNRECONSTRUCTED AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN—WHO BELIEVES A LIGHTER SHOULD LAST A LIFETIME.

THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF THE ZIPPO LIGHTER

—and a man who believes a lighter should work forever

The man who made the first Zippo, and who still runs the show, learned his trade in his father's machine shop.

He developed manual skills. He mastered the sweet science of machinery. And he learned one thing more.

He learned to love and respect workmanship for its own sake. He became a craftsman in the 19th Century American tradition—the breed of men who made

things that worked. And lasted. For a long, long time.

Today, he makes a cigarette lighter that works. The Zippo. He constructs each Zippo so carefully that he is able to offer the most sweeping guarantee in the annals of American business.

If a Zippo ever fails to work—he'll fix it free!

Some modern businessmen who make

products that become obsolete on a schedule don't have much respect for the Zippo man's business sense.

But he does pretty well. And he has a rare good feeling when he goes to bed each night. The feeling that comes from making a product that *works*. Every time. Year after year. Generation after generation.

Always—or he fixes it free.

Willie ran out of pep

**That master of the devious,
Willie the Wisp, may have
reached the end of the trail**

IN BOXING'S ANNALS the amazing Willie Pep holds many records, such as being the only two-time featherweight champion ever brought up before Judge Abe Ribicoff of Hartford, Connecticut 11 times on crap-shooting charges. At Boston Garden last week, the night after his 36th birthday, Willie was fighting his 229th professional bout, which gave him a large edge over the previous distance champion, Freddie Miller, featherweight titleholder of the '30s who had engaged in an even 200 battles. Willie had, furthermore, won 219 of these fights, and that easily made him the winningest featherweight titlist ever.

His opponent was the equally distinguished Hogan (Kid) Bassey of Nigeria, featherweight champion of

the world who this year made the Queen's Honours List as an M.B.E., a rank generally reserved for authors, ornithologists and cricketers.

It was an over-the-weight, non-title match, but to Willie it spelled a chance at a real title shot later and a possible \$50,000 purse, a sum that for him would represent brief prosperity, something that three wives and a thousand losing horses had hitherto cost him.

For six rounds it looked as if Willie just might make it. He was again the twinkle-toed Willie the Wisp of old, master of subtlety and deviousness, tying up his squat but sleek-muscled opponent whenever Bassey looked dangerous, which was often, and making him, indeed, seem so absurd that the crowd guffawed as Bassey plunged across the ring when Willie sidestepped, or when he missed Willie with a hook and clipped Referee Jimmy McCarron on the chin. It was a wonderful night for Pep lovers, and there were 10,000 of them in the

Garden, shrieking in delight at each graceful move of the magnificent Pep legs, marveling at each slip and parry, crowing every time Willie fired a short burst of combination punches. These bursts generally came in the closing 30 seconds of a round as Willie, arms locked about the furiously struggling Bassey, coldly looked up at the clock and calculated how much time and energy he had left. He stole a few rounds by this device and toward the end of the fight was ahead on the scorecards of the two judges.

But the end of the fight was conclusively against Willie. At the close of the seventh round he was caught by a long, looping right hand, precursor of more to come. It was the sort of punch he would have avoided easily in earlier rounds and other days.

RAGING PANTHER

He got hit by two more at the start of the eighth, and got caught again at the end of the round, which went on for several seconds after the bell as Bassey, by this time a black panther tantalized into rage, completely forgot the good manners expected of a man on the Honours List.

The same big Bassey right hand was the first punch of the ninth round. Willie went down, then squatted thoughtfully for an eight count. He was scarcely up when Bassey was on him again, again threw the right, and again Willie Pep went down. He fell backward through the ropes. The back of his head crashed against the thin padding on the ring apron. One wondered why his skull wasn't fractured.

"God was with us," said Manager Lou Viscusi, portly manager of Lightweight Champion Joe Brown, too, but proudest of his long association with Pep. "He wasn't hurt." Though Willie was up a split second before 10, Referee McCarron stopped the fight at 42 seconds. No one complained.

This may well be the end of the trail for Willie, who collected \$7,700 for his share of the night's work, Bassey \$11,600.

Starting in October, though, there will be some monthly solace for Willie. Years ago, Manager Viscusi secretly bought a small annuity. It starts paying off next month—a pittance to a man who likes blondes in convertibles and race horses, but the only regular income he has ever had. He will need it. The day of the big purse is over for Willie.

END



CAREER'S END for the great Willie Pep, former featherweight champion of the world who won 219 fights, came in the ninth round of his Boston fight with Kid Bassey.



*Towers above them all MARTIN'S V.V.O.
the Scotsman's Scotch*

76.8 PROOF IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.

PURITAN makes the gray sport shirt shown below 80% Orlon® acrylic fiber, 20% wool. In a range of smart designs. About \$7.99 at these and other fine stores. Wm. F. Gibbs, Atlanta. The Bonwood, Clarkston, Kmart's, Florida. Associated Creators with Lake City, S. Korea. Washington, D.C.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT J. L. FORTNA STUDIO, PLUM BROOK, N.Y.

THE RICH LOOK IN KNITS

New knit sport shirts of "Orlon" and wool look and feel like a million . . . take washings in stride

Presenting: jersey sport shirts with the incomparable advantages of "Orlon"® acrylic fiber. Blended with 20% wool, "Orlon" knits into sport shirts that are luxurious, supremely comfortable, yet stubbornly hold their shape.

"Orlon" helps knit sport shirts resist shrinking or stretching, and makes them simple to wash. No blocking or shaping is necessary. Treat yourself to some, and your investment will pay smart dividends for a long time.

ORLON

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



*Orlon® is a DuPont registered trademark for its acrylic fiber. DuPont makes Orlon, not the fabrics or sport shirts shown.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Victory and vindication

FROM THE RING of the cheers that echoed in the huge Viking Auditorium of Oslo's City Hall, you would have thought that Norway's own contract bridge team had won the European Championship. But, for the third successive year, the toasts at the victory banquet were for Italy's World Champions: Walter Avarelli, Giorgio Belladonna, Eugenio Chiaradia, Massimo D'Alelio, Guglielmo Siniscalco and Pietro Forquet.

With their victory, the redoubtable sixsome from Naples and Rome earned the chance to make it three straight world titles, too, when they meet the challenge of the top U.S. and South American teams in a three-way match to be played in New York next February.

The scandalous speculation about Italian cheating recently front-paged in the United States will no doubt mean SRO signs—perhaps even network television—for the exhibition of those February matches here. But the sound of those cheers in Oslo left no room for doubt of how Europe felt. For its champions, this was vindication as well as victory.

If the vindication was overwhelming, the victory was not. The result was in doubt right down to the conclusion of the very last match. On the basis of two points scored for each match won and one point for each draw, the final ranking put Italy and England into a first-place tie. The tie was broken and the championship decided on "quotient." In this comparison of the margins by which each match was won or lost, the victorious Italian team had a wide advantage.

From the opening going, it appeared that an upset was in the making. Experts confidently predicted that the 15-nation field would be topped by one of three teams—Italy, France or Great Britain. Then, in the very first match Italy played, the French

trounced them by the decisive margin of 25 International Match Points (one IMP is roughly equal to a difference of 100 points in the total score).

This put France into the role of strong favorite, especially when, in the next round of play, they succeeded in holding the highly regarded British team to a draw. (Actually, Britain outscored the French 41 to 37. However, under European scoring, a match decided by fewer than six IMPs is accounted a tie.)

It was evident that Italy was jittery in its first-round match against the French, as will be seen by the following hand:

Neither side vulnerable		NORTH	
West dealer		♠ 5 ♥ K J 4 5 3 2 ♦ K 10 9 8 ♣ K 7	
WEST	EAST	SOUTH	
♠ A Q J 3 2	♠ K 10 8 7	♠ 9 6 4	
♥ 5	♥ 10 4	♥ A Q 9 7	
♦ 4	♦ J 6 5 3	♦ A Q 7 2	
♣ J 10 9 8 6 2	♣ Q 5 3	♣ A 4	

Against Belladonna and Avarelli, France got to a slam on this bidding:

WEST (Belladonna)	NORTH (Trenzi)	EAST (Avarelli)	SOUTH (Forquet)
PASS	1♥	PASS	2♠
2♦	PASS	PASS	4♥
PASS	PASS	4♠	6♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: spade 7

Trenzi trumped the second lead of spades, drew trumps and played the diamonds correctly. He assumed that if either opponent held four diamonds it would be East. He won the second diamond in his own hand with the king and, West having showed out, he took the marked finesse against

East's diamond jack. France chalked up a plus of 980 for making the slam.

In the other room, the bidding shows the Neapolitan Club system working to advantage even when the club bid is not used.

WEST (Basso)	NORTH (Siniscalco)	EAST (Parante)	SOUTH (Forquet)
PASS	PASS	PASS	1♥
1♦	2♦	DOUBLE	3♦
4♦	4 NO TRUMP	PASS	3♠
PASS	6♥	PASS	PASS

South's hand was a maximum for his bid of one heart. Had he held one more point in high cards, he would have opened the bidding with the strength-showing bid of one club. The opponents did their best to crowd the auction but the Italian methods are well prepared to cope with such pre-emptive tactics.

Forquet ignored the double of the cue-bid. His three-diamond call showed control of that suit. Siniscalco's four no-trump bid was not a Blackwood call for aces. The Italians use Blackwood rarely, and only where there is a jump to four no trump. In this auction, the four no-trump call showed additional values and told partner that he could not lose two immediate tricks in any suit. In return, South showed the ace of clubs, so North was able to jump to the slam.

Unfortunately, after West had won the first spade and shifted to the jack of clubs, Forquet tumbled his cards. He thought that the hands included nine diamonds and that the lead of the ace would insure 12 tricks. As a result of this claim, he was not allowed to take a diamond finesse and so was set 50 points. The total loss—1,030 points—cost Italy eight IMPs.

It is interesting to compare the

continued

bidding of France with the bidding of Italy on another slam hand:

WEST	EAST
♠ Q J 10 3	♥ A 9
♥ A Q 10 9 7 4 2	♥ 5 3
♦ J 2	♦ A Q 10 8 4 3
♣ —	♣ A K 8

When the French held the East-West cards, Trelzi opened the West hand with four hearts and Jais promptly bid six hearts. By contrast, the Italians bid it this way:

WEST (D'Alelio)	EAST (Chiaradia)
1♥	2♠
2♥	3♥
3♥	4♥
4♥	4♠
5♥	5♥
6♥	6♥
PASS	

As the Italians play their reverse bids, the first suit need not be genuine but the second is always playable. This is why East bid two clubs—a three-card suit—ahead of his diamonds, in which he held six. East's bid of four spades after game was reached was a cue-bid. When East finally got around to confirming the hearts, West showed his "extra" values in spades.

Alas for direct tactics as well as for science. A spade was opened and the king was wrong. So was the king of hearts. So the heart slam was defeated, whereas six diamonds could have been made.

KRITZERS get courtesy of a look at hand held up by Giorgio Belladonna of Rome.



Having apparently disposed of their two principal threats, the French position improved still further when Italy pulled Britain down to the level of the once defeated, outscoring them by 49 to 36. But France lost its advantage in the very next match.

The giant-killer was little Norway, the host nation. With a population of 3 million, Norway boasts a bridge league of over 14,000 members. Its team, while never strongly in contention for the title, went on from its stunning upset of France to finish seventh.

Meanwhile, recovering from its shaky start, the Italian juggernaut was rolling over its opposition by margins that were to be the decisive factor in the final calculation of quotient to break the tie. Here's another example of their systemic exchange of information in approaching a slam against the Netherlands.

Neither side
vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH	
♠ Q 5 4 3	
♥ K 4	
♦ A 5 4	
♣ K J 4	

WEST	EAST
♠ K J 7	♠ 9 8 2
♥ 3	♥ 7 6 2
♦ K Q 8 6 3 2	♦ J 10 7
♣ Q 9 5	♣ 10 7 3 2

SOUTH	
♠ A 10 6	
♥ A Q J 10 8 5 3	
♦ —	
♣ A 8 6	

At the table where Italy held the North-South powerhouse, the bidding went:

SOUTH (D'Alelio)	WEST	NORTH (Chiaradia)	EAST
1♠	1♠	1 N T	PASS
2♥	PASS	2♠	PASS
3♥	PASS	3♥	PASS
4 N T	PASS	5♥	PASS
6♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: diamond king

In response to the artificial and strength-showing one-club opening, Chiaradia's one no trump showed four controls, counting the ace as two and the king as one. This response is also artificial. It was purely a coincidence that these controls included a stopper in the opponent's suit.

Later, South's four no-trump bid promised additional values and asked what features his partner held that had not been shown already. (North's bidding had thus far declared his ace and two kings and some strength in spades.) When North announced

with his bid of five clubs that he also possessed some additional strength in that suit, namely the king and jack, South felt completely justified in bidding his small slam.

Dummy's ace of diamonds won the opening lead and declarer discarded a spade. He led a spade to the 10, losing to West's jack. After ruffing the diamond return, South cashed the heart ace and spade ace and went to dummy with the heart king. He ruffed a spade and when the king dropped, North's queen was good for a club discard and the club finesse became unnecessary. However, the club finesse would have worked if need be, and the slam contract was an excellent one.

In fact, at the other table, the North-South pair for Holland bid to a grand slam. Against the same king-of-diamonds opening, this rather ambitious contract could have been made by a finesse in clubs and a squeeze against West in spades and diamonds. Declarer comes down to an end position like this:

NORTH	EAST (Immaterial)
♠ Q	
♥ —	
♦ 9	
♣ K	

WEST	EAST
♠ K J	
♥ —	
♦ Q	
♣ —	

SOUTH	
♠ A 10	
♥ —	
♦ —	
♣ 5	

On the lead to North's king of clubs, West is doomed. A diamond discard establishes North's 9; a spade lets South win the last two with the ace and 10 of that suit.

However, the Hollander tried the simple ruse once used with great success by Margaret Wagar of Atlanta in a similar situation. He pushed the queen of spades through, in hopes that East would have the king and would fail to cover. In this case it couldn't work because East couldn't have ducked if he wanted to; he simply didn't have the king.

The days went by, with form holding true. The three top teams won their matches. Both France and England remained contenders, but Italy appeared to have the inside track.



FISHPOND GLASH: France and Italy looked as if they might determine the championship when favored Italians were upset. Goren's standing onlooker. Two men in left corner were operating an electrical board on which public followed match.

Meanwhile, your correspondent was enjoying the new experience of spending two weeks at a bridge tournament without playing a hand. As I observed the sufferings of many of those who had to do the playing, I felt like the small boy who, having had a molar extracted, filled the offending tooth with jam in order to watch it ache.

In this deal, from Italy's match against Sweden, the sufferers were Forquet and Siniscalco.

Both vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH	
♠ A	
♥ J 8 4 2	
♦ Q 8 6 3 2	
♣ J 7 4	

WEST	EAST
♠ 10 8 7 3	♥ Q 9 3
♥ A 9 6 5 3	♦ 10 7
♦ 4	♣ K 7 5
♣ 9 6 2	♠ A Q 8 5 3

SOUTH	
♠ K J 6 5 4	
♥ K Q	
♦ A J 10 9	
♣ K 10	

The virtue of the Neapolitan Club turned out to be a vice when Forquet and Siniscalco bid the North-South cards against Sweden:

SOUTH (Forquet)	WEST	NORTH (Siniscalco)	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: spade 2

North's artificial response to the opening club bid showed two controls. From the fact that he held three kings, South knew that this must be one ace. Therefore, it was certain that his side was missing two aces and the

king of diamonds and it was entirely possible that one or both of the black queens would prove troublesome also.

This knowledge made Forquet's pass to three diamonds the correct strategy. But the Swedes didn't have all this information. When they held the North-South cards in the other room, Lundell opened with a spade, jumped to three diamonds over Wohlin's no-trump response, and after Wohlin raised to four diamonds, he carried on to game.

The diamond finesse was on, the spades broke favorably and the clubs couldn't possibly be misguessed, so Sweden gained a lucky five IMPs. The Swedes had been doing well in their previous matches, so this swing came at a time when first place was at stake. But Italy won out and the championship moved into its final rounds with all of the leading teams scheduled to play "set-ups" and the result apparently a foregone conclusion.

Then, under the tremendous pressure of those final sessions, things happened. Great Britain was tied by Ireland. (Actually, Britain, outscored by five points, was lucky to get off with a draw. One more IMP would have given Ireland the win.) Then came a most astonishing result. Little Iceland, which wound up in last place in spite of this stunning reversal, upended Italy! But France, which could have stepped in to win the title, lost to Egypt in an outstanding upset second only to the loss of the Suez Canal.

So it will be Italy once again in the World Championship next February. And Europe's experts have already

installed them as top favorites, no matter which team wins the October playoff that will decide who will challenge them for the U.S.

On what I saw at Oslo, I am reluctantly forced to agree with them. And you can be sure this is one prediction on which I am hoping that I will turn out to be as wrong as wrong can be.

One of the most important events at Oslo was the creation of the organization that may prove to be the United Nations of bridge. At a meeting presided over by Baron Robert de Nexon of Paris, president of the European Bridge League, and attended by Charles J. Solomon, president of the American Contract Bridge League, Alvin Landy, the ACBL's executive secretary, Geoffrey Butler of London and W. J. Sullivan of Australia, the foundation was laid for a World Bridge Federation. Your reporter, also among those present, was named one of the founding delegates.

One function of the new organization is the staging of a contest patterned after the Olympic Games. This is planned as a curtain-raiser to the world Olympics of 1960, scheduled for Rome. Alvin Landy has been appointed secretary of the new organization, and the honorary presidency is to be offered to General Alfred M. Gruenther.

Mrs. Vibeke Petersen of Denmark was the only woman to play in the European open. The other ladies were busy with a championship of their own, won by Denmark, with Sweden second and Belgium third. **END**

On and off the fairways

**At the University of Houston
an impressive collegiate
golf dynasty is being built**

WITH a passed of good golfers already in hand and a seemingly inexhaustible supply on the way, the University of Houston, which in June won its third straight NCAA title, appears ready to dominate collegiate golf for a good long spell to come—this, despite the fact that college golfers from all over are becoming so increasingly potent (see box) that four undergraduates emerged in the quarter-final round of the National Amateur which ended two weeks ago. Two of Houston's sturdier products—Rex Baxter, who graduated last year, and Phil Rodgers, who will be entering his junior year if his late term paper on Marriage and Family Life is acceptable to the faculty—have won NCAA championships recently and were highly regarded in pre-Amateur speculation.

Behind Houston's ambitious rise into big-time golf is the team's 39-year-old coach, Dave Williams, a brown-haired, blue-eyed, excessively earnest man who took over his golf duties in 1951. His formula for success has been a rather simple one. "The first thing I did," he says, "was to find out who the state high school champs were." Williams persuaded

the 1950 and '51 champions to come to Houston, and his golf team started to win.

It was the arrival of Rex Baxter Jr. in 1953 that finally supplied the fuel needed to propel Houston into national prominence. The muscular youngster from Amarillo had never won a tournament in high school, but he captured the USGA Junior the summer after graduation and was a prize catch.

As Rex Baxter Sr. phrases it: "Rex went to Houston because it was the only school to offer him a full scholarship which included room, board, tuition and laundry. Oklahoma A&M and SMU were after him, but they didn't offer that much."

In 1955 Baxter led his team to the Border Olympic championship, and in 1956 and '57 Houston golfers captured successive NCAA titles. Rex won the individual college crown himself in 1957, also took the Trans-Mississippi title and was named to the Walker Cup team.

Houston's national success, Coach Williams implies modestly, has done more to attract fine golfers than his own vigorous recruiting, but last November the NCAA, harkening perhaps to rumors that stronger inducements may have been needed to draw outstanding young players like California's Rodgers and Iowa's Jack Rule to southernmost Texas, sent an investigator calling at the Houston campus. Apparently his visit turned



WILLIAMS WINS THIRD NCAA TROPHY

up nothing amiss because the NCAA has taken no subsequent action.

Actually, Williams explains, no one on the 1957-58 team received a completely free ride from the university. Rodgers and Rule are International Jaycee tournament winners and were given four-year scholarships by the Jaycees. The rest of the team gets along on variants of the board, room, tuition and laundry formula.

Supplying a less glamorous interpretation for Houston's golf fortunes is a Houston newspaperman who said, "I think one reason for UH's golf success is the rather light academic program. The entrance requirements, if there are any, are low, and athletes who have been scholastic failures at Southwest Conference schools never seem to have much trouble making grades at UH."

Rodgers, of course, is an exceptional athlete who would help any college golf team, but it is questionable whether he is long for UH.

"If his report is approved he will be eligible," says Williams, "but even then I don't know how long we can keep him. Phil isn't a very good student. Also, he could turn pro right now, join the tour and win money. He knows it and I know it."

1958 AMATEUR CHAMPIONS (college undergraduates in bold/face type)

MEN

WESTERN: James Key, 27, Columbus, Ga.

NORTH & SOUTH: Richard Chapman, 47, Pinehurst, N.C.

BENNEHMANA INV.: William Hyndman III, 42, Abington, Pa.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI: Jack Nicklaus, 18, Ohio State.

NATL. COLLEGIATE: **Phil Rodgers**, 20, U. of Houston.

NATL. PUBLIC LINKS: Darned Sikes, 27, Jacksonville, Fla.

CANADIAN: Bruce Castytor, 32, Toronto.

NEW ENGLAND: Bobby Allen, 34, Providence.

COLONIAL INV.: **Tommy Aaron**, 21, U. of Florida.

SOUTHERN: Hugh Royer, 21, U. of Georgia.

EASTERN: Ward Wedhafer, 22, Hamilton College.

NATL. AMATEUR: Charlie Cog, 34, Oklahoma City.

WOMEN

NORTH & SOUTH: Mrs. Philip J. Cudome, West Caldwell, N.J.

SOUTHERN: Mrs. Mary Ann Reynolds, Albany, Ga.

EASTERN: Mary Patton Janssen, Charlottesville, Va.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI: Marjorie Landsay, Decatur, Ill.

WESTERN: Barbara McIntire, Jupiter, Fla.

NATL. AMATEUR: Anne Quast, Stanford University.



CHARLEY PETRINO, Brooklawn CC, Bridgeport, Conn.

Tip from the Top

The eight-iron

ON A CLEAR SHOT to the green from a distance which seems to require a nine-iron, it is often a much better bet for the middle- or high-handicap golfer to reach for his eight-iron instead. He's more apt to hit the ball cleanly and won't be pressing for distance. I mention this because the eight-iron is becoming one of the least used clubs these days, people frequently thinking that the nine-iron (by not being the wedge) can get them farther than it can.

When using the eight-iron, take it back on a rather upright arc to cultivate greater club control and reduce the margin for error, but don't let this lead you into making too short a backswing. This is bound to produce an uneven, jumpy stroke. On the downswing rely on the considerable loft of the club face to get the ball up for you and concentrate on bringing the club face down through the ball. Hitting down through the ball creates control and backspin, while the golfer who thinks he must scoop the ball off the turf with hand or shoulder action will find himself topping it with the sole of his club.

In playing the eight-iron and its cousin clubs in the pitching division, keep in the forefront of your mind that no great pivoting motion of the hips is required. In fact, forget about the pivot. The inside-out motion of the arms on the downswing supplies all the pivot you really need.



Hitting down through the ball creates control and backspin

NEXT WEEK: Marilyn Smith on the role of the right elbow



Paul Hally Don Janney

Autographed Clubs
by

Rawlings

"More and more
the choice
of the young pro"



RAWLINGS SPORTING GOODS CO. • St. Louis
New York • Los Angeles • Dallas • Chicago



JUST THE TICKET for that active, fun-loving man who likes sports... travel... the whole outdoors... who'd like to see it all in bright, incredibly clear detail!

Thirty-three Bushnell Featherlight models with newest electronically computed optical designs and lifetime construction. Moderate prices—\$9.95 to \$135—include handsome cowhide case, plus 20-Year Guarantee and 30-Day Trial Exchange Privilege.

For the greatest year 'round gift in sight, let your dealer show you just how breath-taking the world looks through Bushnell Binoculars!

FREE GUIDE - HOW TO SELECT BINOCULARS - WHILE YOU WAIT

Bushnell

ESSEX Bushnell Bldg. • Pasadena, Calif.
In Canada: 3146 Route 31 • Vancouver, B.C.

An unhappy debut

Meadowdale is a fine new road course, but dust and distress troubled the meet

MEADOWDALE RACEWAYS, the newest U.S. road-racing course, was opened last week on a day bringing strong and dust-laden gusts of wind. Hastily gouged from 235 rolling acres near Elgin, Ill., the course proved to be one of the nation's most difficult. One driver was killed; another was severely injured; some 10 others were shaken up as their cars flipped off the course. The course was enough of a challenge without the added dangers which, besides the blinding dust eddies, included four adults on an overhead bridge who amused themselves by dropping pebbles on the cars racing beneath. Grumbled one Ferrari driver after his race: "Full right. Full left. I'm a wreck. I can hardly lift my arms."

The test was too much for one young driver, Robert Walker of Little Rock. He misjudged the braking of his 2-liter Ferrari at a turn, flipped and suffered a fatal skull fracture.

The course is 3.3 miles long—a series of ups and downs, twists and turns. "It's just dangerous enough to be interesting," said Driver Ernie Erickson after winning a race for smaller cars with his Porsche Spyder. "It's like piloting a boat on the Inland Waterway in a fog. You're out there looking for the buoys."

From the start-finish line the course stretches more than 4,000 feet to the first turn, downhill and to the right. After this sweeping 300° bend come an S bend, an uphill straight and another hairpin, leading to another short straight. Following are a gentle right turn, a left and then a sweeping right into a long straight through a valley and up over a hill (where some of the bigger cars become airborne). This straight blends into a tight hairpin leading into the

steep (45°) banking of the so-called Monza curve, which is patterned after the famous banking at Monza, Italy. Then comes the homestretch to the finish line.

This ambitious raceway is largely the creation of Leonard W. Besinger, a ragged 51-year-old builder of suburban homes. He was never more than mildly interested in auto racing until a son, Leonard Jr., now 24, talked him into buying an MG. "We had a gravel pit here," Besinger recalls. "We smoothed it out into a little track and we used to race around it."

Next Besinger visited the road course at Elkhart Lake, Wis. "The man said, '86, please,' and I said, 'For what?' He said, 'For two tickets.' There were 25,000 or 30,000 people there, and I thought to myself, 'This is a pretty good go.'"

Last winter, while building a model home in Chicago's Merchandise Mart, Besinger met Ed Pazdur, publicity director for the Mart. An Austin-Healey driver, Pazdur convinced Besinger that the Chicago area needed a road-racing course.

"I said to myself, 'I think I can shoot craps and build this place. I'll take a chance.' We worked day and night for 163 days. I wore out two Cadillacs bouncing around on this job. The Monza wall had to be packed by hand at the top because there isn't any machinery made to do the job. We put all the spectator areas above track level; that makes it safe for spectators. We made wide turns and gave the course a good surface to make it safe for the drivers."

Later on, when it became apparent that the course was not so safe for the drivers, Besinger promised to make any changes necessary. He was in tears and physically sick over the news of Walker's death.

Some of Walker's colleagues, however, found a lesson that had nothing to do with the course itself. "When I started driving," said one competitor, "all we had to start with were

the MGs. We learned to drive them well before we got into the hot stuff. It was hard to find a big car even if you had the money. Today almost anybody can buy anything if he has the money, no matter how good or bad he is."

One result has been that SCCA officials in the Chicago region decided to meet immediately to discuss entrance qualifications at Meadowdale.

Plagued by clouds of dust swirling up from the raw spaces at trackside, the very large crowd (officially announced as "more than 151,000," an unbelievably high figure), nevertheless found something to cheer about as American-built cars swept the first two places in the 115.5-mile feature race. These were the sleek Corvette-engined Scarabs commissioned by Lance Reventlow, 32-year-old son of Heiress Barbara Hutton.

NATION'S SECOND BEST

Reventlow drove one of them; California's Chuck Daigh, who had an important hand in their building, the other. Daigh led for 12 laps with Reventlow close behind, then Reventlow moved ahead and stayed there for 13 laps, his car functioning perfectly despite some front-end damage from an accident in an earlier race. Daigh once again took the lead and kept it for the remaining 10 laps, achieving a fastest lap of 87.9 mph. As the ultra-streamlined racers swept out of the Monza turn toward the finish, Daigh tapped his brakes, presumably to let Reventlow through, but Reventlow was a little too far behind to capitalize on his gesture.

Daigh, one of the nation's most experienced drivers, pronounced the course a good one. "Next to Riverside [a testing California course] it's the best in the country," Daigh said. "The banking in the Monza turn is rough, though. I had to shift down to third gear—took it at about 125 mph."

Reventlow, reflecting that the Scarabs had lapped all but two opponents in the feature race, that the cars have been able to challenge the most powerful foreign sports racers successfully in the few weeks they have been campaigned, and that he has been hailed as a worthy successor to Sportsman Briggs Cunningham in building topflight, homebred sports cars, looked happily ahead.

"We're getting a third car ready," he said, "and our next goal will be to finish one-two-three in a big race somewhere." **END**



THE WORLD OVER

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH
AIRLINES

"The time just flew!"

You've crossed the ocean — and it's hard to believe the trip is over so soon. But it's easy enough to understand once you've flown KLM. There's such solid comfort. And such a friendly climate aboard. What's more, the cuisine is superb. Why, even the simplest fare becomes a delicacy in the artful hands of a KLM master chef.

These are just a few reasons why people who travel often by air take the Royal Dutch route — to all points of the globe. Next time you plan a long air trip, why not shorten the miles? Let a KLM flight crew give you all the attention in the world. It makes such a royal difference. See your Travel Agent or call your nearest KLM office.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 430 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

An embarrassment of ladies

They spoiled the plan to pick a Pan American squad from top Wofford Cup scorers

WHEN the United States Equestrian Team staged its three-day competition for the Wofford Cup at Colorado Springs recently, considerably more was at stake than possession of the handsome gold trophy. The USET committee was present to select, presumably from among the Wofford winners, a squad of six riders to train for the three-day event in the 1958 Pan American Games. As a cup competition, the Wofford was both a surprise and a success; but as a selection device, it was ironic comedy. All the wrong people won.

The cup itself was captured by Jonas Irbinskas on the Wofford family's Passach. Irbinskas is a fine rider and a worthy champion, but he is of no use to the USET because he is a professional and therefore ineligible for Pan American competition. Second place went to Mrs. David M. Davis, third to Miss Camille Stahl and fourth to Mrs. R. G. Rolofson. As far as they and the U.S. Equestrian Team were concerned, it was: good ride, wrong sex. Alas, ladies, like pros, are not eligible. Thus, the red-faced USET selection committee had to reach down to fifth place to get the first candidate for its team.

Naturally, these hard-riding ladies, along with two others who were among the 14 finishers in the exhausting three-day test, hastened to point out the absurdity of the international ruling which prohibits women from membership on either Pan American or Olympic three-day teams. For the USET committee, their victories had another connotation: the inadequacy of available, eligible male riders. One gloomy committee member said wistfully: "I wish I were God, so I could change their sexes."

Actually, the Wofford debacle may make it easier to change the antique rule. Women have done well on both Olympic dressage and show jumping teams, but the world rule makers still insist that the three-day (first day, dressage; second day, endurance; and third, stadium jumping) is too strenuous for females.

"This is strictly a male view, as 'George' Davis emphasized. 'The course was not hard,' she said. 'But what is the future of three-day riding for a woman if we can't get on the team? As it is now, there is no compensation for the risks.' Mrs. Davis

the fact that she managed to place fourth after her No. 1 horse, Prairie Brush, which produced one of the highest dressage scores the first day, succumbed to a near-fatal stomach-ache. On the absolutely green Echuca Boy, Marissa still finished ahead of three former Olympic team members. An inexperienced pair, Camille Stahl and Miss Butch, took the No. 3 spot. Miss Stahl is a college freshman from Monterey, Calif.

The third-place ribbon might possibly have gone to Job Wofford, son of the late Colonel John Wofford, in whose memory the cup is given, but



MARISSA ROLOFSON



CAMILLE STAHL



GEORGE DAVIS

was pleased with her second in her maiden try at the cup, and particularly pleased with her mare, Gipsy Hill, which had the only clean round in the third day's stadium jumping. "I didn't have a doubt in the world that the mare would finish," George said later. "She finished 10th last year when my husband rode her—and since then has had more training." A 29-year-old mother, George was saddened in 1957 awaiting the arrival of her third son. Her husband, an Aurora, Colo. veterinarian, pinch-rode, as it were, his wife's horse.

Tiny Marissa Rolofson, 22, the wife of another Colorado veterinarian, also would like a chance at international competition. Mrs. Rolofson won the admiration of most officials, not only for her skill and stamina, but also for

he was disqualified on the last day for not "following the trace of the course." The disqualification, regardless of its merits, opens another skirmish in a three-year-old feud between Wofford and the USET.

The feud began at the Pan American Games in Mexico City in 1955, where Wofford was a member of the three-day team. He became involved in a dispute with officials over the handling of a horse, and in its angry wake the USET ruled Wofford ineligible for any U.S. team. Wofford sued and this year arrived at Colorado Springs with an injunction in his pocket declaring him eligible and stating that he should be treated without prejudice. When the disqualification bell sounded, Wofford was out of the stadium in a flash

and on the telephone to his lawyer.

Whether this action temporarily cowed the committee, or whether it was just a case of slim pickings, Wofford subsequently was named to the six-man squad, along with Michael Plumb, Walter Staley, Wilson Denchey, Ernie Simard, the other alternates, and Bill Haggard (who also was disqualified). Of this squad, one committee member remarked bleakly: "If we weren't already committed to the Pan American Games, I'd call the whole thing off."

Unappeased, Wofford filed a protest (the committee says it was not filed correctly) and declared: "This squad is going to be cut before the games, and I don't want this disqualification used as the excuse if they drop me."

Although Wofford and the three-day candidates were giving the USET some headaches, it was a horse of another color with the Prize of Nations Team. This team, composed of Billy Steinkraus, Hugh Wiley and Frank Chapot, had a summer of successes in Europe the likes of which no U.S. team, even back in the "good old" Army days, had ever had. Individually, they won 21 first places plus a team event. Moreover, they were regularly meeting and defeating the best riders the world has to offer, and if the Olympics were to be held tomorrow, they would be the easy favorites.

Billy Steinkraus, 32-year-old team captain from Westport, Conn., won the most individual honors—eight—mainly on Miss Elco Sear's gray gelding, Ksar d'Espirit. And another gray gelding, Mrs. W. Joshua Barney Jr.'s Master William with Hugh Wiley aboard, won the King George V Cup, England's highest individual honor. The day after the big win Wiley's other horse, the flashy palomino Nautical, fell during the Prince of Wales class, breaking several of Hugh's ribs. But by the next event, Dublin's classic show, Wiley, taped and determined, came back on Nautical to win both the high jump and the puissance classes.

George Morris, a 20-year-old from New Canaan, Conn., was the youngest and newest member of the team. He more than earned his keep, doing his biggest winning, like Nautical, at Dublin, where he took three individual first places and each one on a different horse. This will be a tough record for anyone, newcomer or veteran, to duplicate.

END



IF IT'S *New*
IT'S NUNN-BUSH

Style 2551
CLYDE LAST
Imperforated Brown
Scotch Grain

Style 4022
CLYDE LAST
Grounded Brown
Cordovan

Style 2727
CLYDE LAST
Auburn
Newport
Hampton Calf

from \$19.95

...Now Try Stretch-Free Heel-Snug Ankle-Fashioning

The superior fit of Nunn-Bush Shoes cannot be copied. Exclusively Nunn-Bush, Ankle-Fashioning removes stretch from the leathers, "fixes" the heel-slug, hugging comfort... and adds many cost-free miles of continuing good looks!

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN
Makers of Edgerton Shoes from \$20.00

First in Quality

NUNN-BUSH

ANKLE-FASHIONED SHOES

Write for Elaborate Nunn-Bush Catalog

PARIS

BELTS

in the new "Vista-dome" package



tallowed leather

Improves with age

This unique belt improves with age and wear. Superb bridle leather is rubbed with tallow to give it a soft, glowing sheen that becomes richer with time. "Personality-styled" by "Paris"®. 1" — \$2.50, ¾" — \$2.

*Over U. S. Pat. Off. A. Stone & Co. Inc., Chicago. New York. Los Angeles. Toronto.



BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

Pulling a fast rope trick

47

A new series takes you up on a rope to strengthen hands, arms and shoulders

This week Bonnie begins a new group of rope tricks that will add to your fitness while giving you a delightful sensation of flying through the air. The rope you need costs little and does much for strengthening hands, arms and shoulders. It is a valuable addition to any backyard, gymnasium or school. Hang the rope anywhere there is enough space to swing back, forth and around. You should use one-inch Manila rope, 15 feet long. Knot it twice at the top around a beam or branch of a tree, then tie one knot at the bottom end of the rope, which will swing free.



Master swinging on the rope before you attempt to climb it. Stand on the knot and pump as you do on a regular swing.

Work up to rope-climbing by lying flat, keeping your body rigid and pulling hand over hand to a standing position.

PARIS



SCOTCHGARD®

LEATHER PROTECTOR

is here...and suede's no sissy any more!



© 1968

M'GREGOR

suede jackets—Ranjet, \$37.95 and Blouse, \$29.95—protected by "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Leather Protector.

Locked-in protection repels rain and stains; resists oil, soil! Provides new dry-cleaning ease!



BEFORE treatment with "SCOTCHGARD" Protector, spills soak in, leave heavy stains.



AFTER treatment with "SCOTCHGARD" Protector, both watery and oily spills stay surfaced.

Suede used to absorb spills of all kinds as fast as a sports car absorbs mileage. But now, with "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Leather Protector, rain and watery spills—like coffee—roll right off. Even oily spills blot away with hardly a trace. Soil brushes away easily. And you'll appreciate the fact that trips to the cleaners are few and far between.

But here's the big break—with "SCOTCHGARD" Protector, suede dry-cleans without special pampering. Your own corner cleaner can do it . . . at less cost than ever! Only "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Leather Protector brings this real practicality to suede. So be sure to look for the "Castle" tag before you buy!



MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY

... WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW





SCOUTING REPORT

HITTERS

44 HANK AARON, RF

Bats R. .332, 29 HR, 90 RBI



Man who comes the experts in Henry Aaron, of the loose, free swing. Called "best swing hitter in baseball," he's actually an arm hitter, lashing pitch with masterful coordination of forearms, torso, wrists and bat. Slumped through June but has had best record in league since then. No set way to fix defenses against him, since he bats to all fields, bunts beautifully, is fast enough to beat out infield hits. He's also a good, if lackadaisical, outfielder, with a fine arm. The team's big man.

41 EDDIE MATHEWS, 3B

Bats L. .353, 30 HR, 73 RBI



Having a slump year at plate, though still propelling plenty of home runs over left fences with his strong level swing (in contrast to Aaron). Mathews makes great use of his massive back muscles. Once had reputation of being moody, sullen, childish, but teammates now respect him as one of hardest-working players on team. Example of this is his kicking, which has improved from bad to very good (his play at third base in '57 Series was remarkable). Despite his bulk, he is a very fast runner.

43 WES COVINGTON, LF

Bats L. .353, 24 HR, 75 RBI



Ailing legs kept him on the bench almost half the time this season, but Covington nonetheless has almost as many home runs and runs batted in as does Aaron, who has played in nearly every game. Was blues to crouch at plate, waving bat menacingly. Loves the dramatics of it all and is occasionally accused of "showboating." But he hits, and hard, not so much down line to right as to right center, center, left center. Slow because of injured leg, and not a topflight fielder. But what a hitter!

1 DEL CRANDALL, C

Bats R. .277, 16 HR, 61 RBI



The best catcher in the National League is having one of his best years. Healthy this time out, he's hitting about 30 points above lifetime average, while keeping his homers and runs batted in up there. A power hitter who puts pretty well, he's a dangerous man in his customary spot low in the batting order. Superb defensive player, with a fine arm, he's made solid contribution to success of young Milwaukee pitchers. Not an Olympic sprinter, but he's a pretty fair base runner for a catcher.

23 JOHNNY LOGAN, SS

Bats R. .232, 11 HR, 53 RBI



Logan is not having a good year. Baiting average sloughed 40 points off lifetime level to the dismal .210s. Even so, he's still a great fast-ball hitter who's apt to drop a homer in the seats any time. A scrapper who won't quit but, unhelpfully, he seems to have let his hitting slump bother his fielding just a bit, which is something he really can't afford to do, since his long out in the field is steadiness, not brilliance. He's an artful bunter, a good hit-and-run man. Fair runner, nothing spectacular.

4 RED SCHOENDIENST, 2B

Bats L-R. .261, 0 HR, 20 RBI



Red, along most of the season, has played fewer games this year than at any other time in his major league career. In September, however, he has looked in fine shape and a back in the lineup. He's still a superb ballplayer, a magnificent fielder and a sharp, smart switch hitter who's content to chop singles and doubles (though batting lefty he's capable of popping homers into those near right-field seats in Yankee Stadium). However sound the hips, he's not the speedy runner he used to be.

14 FRANK TORRE, 1B

Bats L. .307, 5 HR, 55 RBI



Some say this big, bald-looking fellow from Brooklyn is the most improved player in the Braves' lineup. Certainly he shows added confidence now that he's a full-fledged platoon first baseman with Joe Adcock. Torre, a left-handed thrower, is a topflight fielding first baseman, often subs in late innings on days Adcock struts. Good base runner, though not terribly fast. Despite his size (6 feet 3, 205), he's not a power hitter. He meets ball, sprays hits to all fields. Hurt Yankee last year.

9 JOE ADCOCK, 1B

Bats R. .283, 19 HR, 53 RBI



Adcock is a big, awkward, powerful man who can break a careless pitcher's heart with his bat. He's a right-handed longball hitter whose strength is to left center, which means that he can be contained in spacious Yankee Stadium. Still, his snap to right won a key game last Series. Has reputation as a weak fielder, but now and then he'll make a surprisingly good play. Has been used in left field on occasion this season, may see action there if Covington is grounded. A heavy-footed runner.

38 BILL BRUTON, CF

Bats L. .273, 3 HR, 25 RBI



Suffered ruinous knee injury last year, which some thought meant end of his career. Got back in lineup in May this season and resumed his center fielding duties, chasing them through latter part of campaign with surprising Felix Mantilla. Bill's forte was blinding speed, and unfortunately his injury has slowed him down—both in the matter of his outfield range and in the matter of beating out hits, racing around the bases to score. He's still pretty fast, though. No power to worry about.

BOARD OF STRATEGY



FRED HANEY



WHITLOW WYATT



BILLY HERMAN



JOHN FITZPATRICK

Prior to mid-June of 1956, when he was placed in charge of the Milwaukee Braves, FRED HANEY (2) big league managerial career was notably unsuccessful: he had managed two teams, Pittsburgh and the St. Louis Browns, and in five full seasons had finished last four times, sixth once. He had been discharged, as Casey Stengel would put it, from both positions. With Milwaukee, however, it has been different. He has won two pennants, and it would have been three had not the Braves collapsed on the final weekend of the 1956 season. Fred Haney, 5 feet 6 without spikes, is the shortest manager in

BRAVES

PITCHERS

21 WARREN SPAHN

Throws L, 20-11, 3.08 ERA



One of the great pitchers in the history of baseball, Spahn this year had a 20-victory season for the first time, more than any other left-hander who ever pitched—and that includes Lefty Grove, Carl Hubbell, Edna Flank and Red Waddell, among others. Now that his fast ball isn't what it used to be, he's developed a screwball and a slider to compensate. Has great control, deception. Always pitches to spots, when his control is off he's in trouble. An excellent fielder and a fast hitter.

16 CARLTON WILLEY

Throws R, 9-6, 2.52 ERA



Tall, lanky down-Easter from Maine had a fine minor league record last year (21-6) but was larned out again this season, didn't get real chance until he was called back to Braves in June. Along with fellow youngsters Jay and Pizarro he came through beautifully, really saved the pennant for Milwaukee. Willey is primarily a fast-ball pitcher; his fast one "moves" well. But it's best as a high pitch, and as a result it may not be too effective against fast-ball-hitting Yanks.

34 JUAN PIZARRO

Throws L, 6-3, 2.25 ERA



Came out of Puerto Rico to sensational debut in Sally League two years ago, moved up quickly to Milwaukee. Bounced up and down between parent club and minors until this summer, when he finally seemed to mature as pitcher. Has a great fast ball, complemented now by two varieties of screwball, one fast and one slow, that serve as change of pace. Experience has helped. Just his second year. He's a fine athlete, and Yanks should find him a good hitter, a fast base runner, a capable fielder.

33 LEW BURDETTE

Throws R, 15-10, 3.01 ERA



The man who smothered the Yankees last Series (two shutouts, three victories) had a bad spring this year, but when summer started so did Burdette. Won 11 of 13 over one stretch, pitched some of best ball of his career. Uses fast ball sparingly around other pitches (some curves but mostly slider and screwball). His effectiveness against Yanks was result of near genius in keeping ball low, low, low. Consistently fidgeting on mound. Very colorful. Good hitter; fair fielder.

10 BOB RUHL

Throws R, 5-2, 3.60 ERA



One of mainstays of the Braves' staff in previous three seasons, Ruhl suffered disabling arm injury in May. Did not pitch again until September. Looks to be in good shape physically and probably will start against Yanks, though he failed twice against them last year. Throws fast ball, with occasional slider. Works quickly, has good control. Used to have jerky-jerky motion, but in recent starts seems to have smoothed it out considerably. Poor hitter, ordinary fielder.

20 DON McMAHON

Throws R, 7-2, 3.55 ERA



If Series should develop into duel of relief pitchers, Braves are splendidly shaped with big, young Don McMahon. The massive New York Irishman has a baby face and a grownup fast ball. He's the "short" relief man in Fred Hasey's bullpen: he comes on late in the game and simply rears back and pooms the ball through for an inning or two. McMahon had one of the best earned run averages in the National League and he's been similarly effective this season. Not much with bat or glove.

THE BENCH

Except in pitching, the Braves do not have first-rate reserve strength. Two best bench men are **FELIX MANTILLA** (35) and **ANDY PAFKO** (40). Felix is the lithe, graceful Puerto Rican who filled in so well in the field for Red Schoendienst in last year's Series. A short-stop by trade, and a good one, he proved himself a surprisingly capable outfielder this season, platooning in center with Billy Bruto. Trouble is, he can't hit. Pafko is, at 37, Milwaukee's answer to New York's Enos Slaughter. All hustle and drive, Andy is still a good outfielder, a good pinch hitter, a player who gives all that he has all the time. **DEL RICE** (31), famed as one of the slowest runners in baseball, is a smart catcher; he's not much of a hitter, though he does have power. **HARRY HANERINK** (38) is a versatile infielder-outfielder-pinch-hitter, but he's not one to worry rival managers into insomnia. Nor is **EASY WISE** (37), who earns his salary primarily as a defensive infield substitute. **GENE CONLEY** (32), 5-foot 8-inch stringbean, was once one of Braves' pitching mainstays, but now he's mostly a fill-in man, unlikely to see much Series service. **BOB RUSH** (37) is an erratic pitcher, but when his sinking fast ball is working right he is a most effective workman and could bother the Yankees. **JOEY JAY** (47) is considered by many to be the best of the fabulously good young Milwaukee pitchers, but an arm injury sidelined him through the late weeks of the season. He has speed, control, a fine variety of pitches, great poise and confidence. Right-handers **BOB TROWBRIDGE** (30) and **HUMBERTO ROBINSON** (42) are Fred Hasey's "long" relief men, the "middle" men who hold the opposition until it's time for Don McMahon. Trowbridge, a big man, throws breaking stuff mostly. Robinson, a Panamanian who is as ready as Trowbridge is husky, has a sidearm sinker that can be very annoying.



MANTILLA



PAFKO



RICE



HANERINK



WISE



CONLEY



RUSH



JAY



TROWBRIDGE



ROBINSON

baseball. He began playing professionally during World War I, was an infielder with four major league clubs during the '20s. He started managing in 1935 with Toledo, gave it up for radio announcing from 1943 to 1948 before returning to the dugout and eventual success. Shortly after Milwaukee won the 1957 World Series, Manager Hasey fired most of his coaching staff. He hired **WHL-LOW WYATT** (31) as pitching coach, and it is

Wyatt, a veteran of 16 years in the majors, who is given considerable credit for the outstanding performances of Milwaukee's trio of young pitchers: Carlton Willey, Joey Jay and Juan Pizarro. Coaching third and first will be **BILLY HERNAN** (38) and **JOHN FITZPATRICK** (38), two former players with contrasting careers. Hernan played in 10 consecutive All-Star Games and four Series. Fitzpatrick played 22 years and never made the majors.



SCOUTING REPORT

HITTERS

7 MICKEY MANTLE, CF Bats L-R, .298, 41 HR, 88 RBI



Most explosive player in baseball, with blazing speed on bases and in field, great power from either side of plate, very strong and accurate arm. Bad right shoulder which hindered effectiveness as left-hand hitter earlier in season is now strong again. Despite frequent injuries in past World Series, has hit nine home runs in 31 games. Now that he is in top shape could be set for biggest performance yet. Excellent bunter when batting left, will take the extra base, always a big threat to steal.

8 YOGI BERRA, C-RF Bats L, .272, 22 HR, 69 RBI



Game's most famous home-plate conversationalist, the stocky veteran had miserable 1957 season, began '58 smart way. Then, reacting to challenge of Howard, helped by less strenuous part-time duties in outfield, began to hang away with old fever, a once again most feared clutch hitter on roster. Vicious pull hitter who can murder anything in strike zone, dotes on inside fast ball. Has tremendous Series record. Runs well, a fine receiver with quick arm. Fair outfielder but weak on long throw.

12 GIL McDOUGALD, 2B Bats R, .282, 14 HR, 61 RBI



Slumped badly after stalling start, having worst year at the plate. Upcoming pitchers say he appears tired, unsure, no longer dips in, seldom really stings the ball as in the past. Usually an outstanding fast-ball hitter with occasional power, dangerous in the clutch. Excellent hit-and-run man, fine base runner, lacks outstanding speed but gets good jump and will sometimes steal. Very good hands, smooth and fast on the pivot, plays position with exceptional knowledge of opposing hitters.

14 BILL SKOWRON, 1B Bats R, .279, 14 HR, 71 RBI



Never able to play full Series in three previous chances because of injuries, but Yankees looking fingers crossed now. They need his power, which is strongest to right center and could be big factor in smaller Leves' park. Has great strength and is determined at plate but has been below .350 this season for first time in career. Tends to swing at too many bad pitches. Definitely improved in field, now charges home well, can make the play at second. Has fair speed for big man.

32 ELSTON HOWARD, C Bats R, .321, 11 HR, 65 RBI



Absorbing old wide-spread stance and hitting more to right has boosted his average .48 points over last year, more or less beat Berra out of catching job, at least against left-hand pitching. Still not a good curve-ball hitter. Has good power to left center when needed, must be considered home-run threat in County Stadium. With chance to catch regularly, has developed into outstanding receiver, is very quick and agile, has better arm than Yogi. Lack of speed only real deficiency.

25 NORM SIEBERN, LF Bats L, .306, 12 HR, 50 RBI



Outstanding hitter in the minor leagues last year, tall, slender youngster had shaky start in Stadium, finally began to click, has now apparently settled old Yankee problem of who's in left. Hits ball sharply to right center, has fair power. Has exceptional sense of strike zone for young player, seldom swings at bad pitch. Defensively has much to learn about playing tough Yankee left field; speed and arm are only average, often has real trouble coming in on balls hit in front of him.

9 HANK BAUER, RF Bats R, .271, 11 HR, 46 RBI



Not an outstanding hitter but a dangerous one because of aggressive determination, he carries a record consecutive-game hitting streak of 14 into this year's Series. Still has trouble with the right-hand curve ball but has cut down on swing, quit going for the side on every pitch, and thus, along with more frequent rest, has boosted average to highest level in recent years. A fine outfielder with a strong, lithically accurate arm, he is also a daring base runner, always a threat to steal.

10 TONY KUBEK, SS Bats L, .270, 2 HR, 46 RBI



Rookie of the Year in '57, the 23-year-old Milwaukeean has had a disappointing year at the plate, with a 27-point drop in average, but has run production in up and he has done a fine job at shortstop. Despite two Series homers last fall, he has little power, almost never pulls, usually hits to center and left; a good bunter. Hange afraid as well; has strong, accurate arm; quick and smooth on double play. Terrific speed, second only to Mantle's, makes him excellent base runner, constant threat to steal.

6 ANDY CAREY, 3B Bats R, .280, 12 HR, 43 RBI



Began season as No. 3 man in the batting order system, but superior hitting earned him No. 1 job. Having best season since rookie year after cutting down on swing, choking up couple of inches on bat, likes low fast ball, seems to get a piece of every pitch. Has tremendously strong arm, exceptional ability to play hot, slow-hit ground balls. Weakness is lack of speed, only fair reaction and range on hard-hit balls to his left or right. Late-season ankle injury may hobble him for Series.

BOARD OF STRATEGY



CASEY STENGEL



JIM TURNER



FRANK CROSETTI



RALPH HOUK

Some people collect stamps, others coins. With CASEY STENGEL (31), manager of the Yankees, it's pennants. In his 10 years with the club, he's collected nine of them, an unparalleled record. Stengel has been successful in six of his eight World Series, losing only to Brooklyn in 1955 and Milwaukee last year. Casey took the Milwaukee loss gracefully, but you can bet your box seats he's burning to even matters. The only time the Yanks lost two Series in a row was '21 and '22, when McGraw's Giants, aided by a center fielder named Casey Stengel, overpowered them. Casey doesn't want to let it happen again.

YANKEES

PITCHERS

19 BOB TURLEY

Throws R, 21-7, 2.76 ERA



Has had great season, with half a dozen shutouts studding the first 26-victory performance of his major league career. Will probably draw opening Series assignment, which Ford has had past three years.

Once a restier-armed, fast-ball specialist, the big no-windup pitcher still throws very hard but has gained sharp control over curve, now uses it regularly. Also has good changeup curve and slider. Moves slow, does not field position too well. Hits the ball hard but with marked irregularity.

28 ART DITMAR

Throws R, 9-7, 3.22 ERA



When pitching staff was going so well early in season, speed rush of time on bullpen bench; when pitching faltered and injuries struck, he came in to do a fix job, may well draw a starting assignment in Series.

Throws a good sinker and slider, has begun to use slow curve with effectiveness, tries to keep everything low. Fairly quick but lacks overpowering speed; control no problem. Fair hitter, likes the fast ball, ran pull to right. Average or slightly above at fielding position.

30 BOBBY SHANTZ

Throws L, 7-5, 3.39 ERA



Picked up by Yankees before '37 season as spot pitcher, but injuries to rest of staff have kept little veteran more or less in starting rotation ever since. If Ford is unable to pitch, will be only left-hander on squad.

Uses sneaky fast ball, but lacks real speed, depends on big variety of breaking stuff—knuckler, slider and a very good curve—plus the sharp control to pitch to spots. A good hitter who can pull the ball, he is best fielding pitcher in the game, death on bunts.

16 WHITEY FORD

Throws L, 14-7, 2.10 ERA



The tough, cocky little blond has a sound knowledge of hitters, excellent control and a bewildering assortment of pitches; a great curve thrown with a variety of motions and speeds, a good changeup, a fast

ball that can also sink, an occasional slider. However, he is bothered by an injury—his elbow hurts when he throws breaking pitches—and he may be far from right for the Series. Has one of game's best pick-off moves, is also a good fielder and a fair hitter.

18 DON LARSEN

Throws R, 8-7, 3.41 ERA



Big question mark is his right elbow, which began to cause trouble after winning start this year (three straight shutouts), sometimes swells after slight warmup, may keep him on bench altogether. But and

strong, he has great stuff when healthy, throws a fast ball that jumps, a good slow curve, a slider, a big overhand curve and a screwball as a changeup against left-handers. Control sometimes erratic. A good fielder and a superb hitter, with real home-run power to all fields.

26 RYNE DUREN

Throws R, 6-4, 2.03 ERA



Came to Yankees after bouncing around minors for almost 10 years, has done magnificent job in relief. Combination of bad eyesight and blazing fast ball—which American League may as

good as Herb Score's tends to keep opposing hitters loose, ineffective against his overpowering speed. But lack of control has plagued him in recent appearances. Throws an occasional slider when ahead of hitter, uses curve and changeup just for show. Just about the sweet hitter in all baseball.

THE BENCH

JERRY LUMPE (31) is a fine young left-handed-hitting third baseman, with a strong arm, good hands and wide range. A sharp opposite-field hitter, infrequent use this season has hurt his average. Old ENOS SLAUGHTER (32) ranks with best pinch hitters in baseball, seems able to come off the bench and always get on base. Still runs hard, can do a good job in left field. Because of McDougald, young

BOBBY RICHARDSON (26) has had little chance to show his defensive wizardry around second, also little chance to prove that he can hit. MARY THRONBERRY (30) has exceptional power but strikes out too often, appears unable to handle big league pitching. Not a particularly adept first baseman. Balloona catcher DARR-ELL JOHNSON (28) has seen little action this year but is regarded as a superb receiver, with a sharp knowledge of hitters and a quick, accurate arm. Is not noted for his hitting ability. Among the pitchers, JOHN- NY KUCKS (30) has been erratic, shows a tendency to hang his breaking stuff up high. When right, has a great sidearm sinker, a slider and a good curve. DUKE

MAAS (24) has had only fair luck since trade brought him from Kansas City, throws a sinker and slider but is bothered by lack of control. Best young pitcher on staff is ZACK MONROE (28), who came up to club from Denver in June, has worked hard in both spot starts and relief; throws slider and a palm ball which usually drops but sometimes breaks either way and has been especially tough on left-handers. VIRGIL TRUCKS (24), who when with Detroit some years ago was aptly nicknamed "Fireball," can still throw hard, but has seen little action, has been hampered by wildness. This has been a miserable year for TOM STUROWANT (47), who has been plagued with an aching arm most of this season and is now recovering from a bad spike out on ankle which may sideline him for the entire Series.



LUMPE



SLAUGHTER



RICHARDSON



JOHNSON



KUCKS



MAAS



MONROE



TRUCKS



STUROWANT

As the manager of a team much too good for the rest of the league, Stengel keeps his players bustling by throwing them into competition with themselves for a spot in the lineup. Three hits today does not necessarily guarantee a position tomorrow. That's Stengel's way. A pitcher with a comfortable lead cannot relax, for it doesn't take much to bring about a slight that never fails to stir the crowd: old No. 37, hands buried deep in

his hip pockets, trudging slowly out to the mound to make a change. Before Stengel does remove his pitcher, he confers with AL TURNER (31), his pitching coach since 1949. Turner won 20 games for the Boston Bees in 1937. Waving Yankee runners around third will be the old shortstop, FRANK CROSETTI (32). This is "The Crow's" 18th Series, eight as a player, 10 as a coach. RALPH HOUK (32), a former Yankee catcher, coaches first.

SERIES CRITIQUE

An appraisal and comparison of the 1958 World Series teams: how they throw, hit, field and run—and which of the two should emerge as World Champion

PITCHING The critical factor in any World Series is pitching and the most critical factor in this one may be Whitey Ford's left elbow. If it is all right, and his recent efforts against Kansas City and Baltimore indicate that it is, the Yankees will have a good chance. If it hurts when Ford tries to throw his famous curve—as it did throughout early September—the Braves could win in a breeze. This is all because of a fact made remarkably clear last fall: the kind of pitching in depth which it takes to win a pennant is less important over a short seven-game period than superb performances on the part of two or three men. The Braves still have Burdette, the renowned Yankee-killer of '57, and Spahn, and

the beautifully controlled, low, breaking stuff they throw is deadly effective against a team of fast ball batters like the Yankees. To match them, the Yankees have only the magnificent big right-hander, Turley—and maybe Ford. Otherwise, taking into account Larsen's swollen elbow, Sturdivant's spike-shod heel and the questionable condition of Duren's knee, the New York second string—Ditmar, Shantz, Maas, Kucks, Monroe, etc.—can hardly compare with Milwaukee's Buhl, Willey, Pizarro, McMahon, Rush and the rest. The Braves have the two big pitchers, the very capable supporting cast and they are healthy. The Yankees, with all their aches and pains, can hardly make the same claim.

VERDICT

BIG EDGE
TO THE
BRAVES

HITTING Seldom has a Series matched opponents of such near-equal hitting ability—or at least that is what the statistics say. Both teams average around .270 and have almost the identical number of home runs. Each has its .300 hitters: Aaron, Covington and Torre for the Braves; Howard, Mantle and Siebern for the Yankees. And if Aaron, Mathews and the amazing Covington, backed up by Adeock and Crandall, seem to have an edge in power over Mantle, Berra and Skowron, the Yankees, as usual, have much the more dan-

gerous bench. Yet statistics are often deceiving and these are complicated by one very important factor. In Milwaukee's County Stadium, even the less explosive Yankee hitters such as Howard, Carey, Bauer, McDougald and Siebern—even Kubek—can reach the fences. Yankee Stadium's vast outfield, on the other hand, is almost certain to decrease the home run potential of Aaron, Covington and Adeock, who are not sharp pull hitters. During the season the Yankees scored almost 100 more runs, and perhaps this is really the key.

SLIGHT EDGE
TO THE
YANKEES

FIELDING No longer are the Braves labeled weak defensively. They still have problems—a hobbled Covington is No. 1—but Crandall and Torre are among the best at their positions; Mathews, Schoendienst, Aaron and Bruton are very good, Logan and Adeock adequate. But when the subject is defense, the Yan-

kees are the best in baseball and only Siebern's inexperience dims their over-all brilliance. Berra and Howard match Crandall's skill, Skowron is an improved first baseman and the infield of McDougald, Kubek and Carey, backed up by Lumpe and Richardson, is superb. And no one underestimates the abilities of Mantle and Bauer.

SOLID EDGE
TO THE
YANKEES

BASE RUNNING Perhaps the best running team in either league, the Yankees take the extra base, stretch their hits and, on occasion, steal, although this is not their style of play. Mantle and Kubek have exceptional speed, Bauer and McDougald

run very well, in fact only Howard and Carey are considered slow. The Braves, in contrast, are not fast at all. Among the regulars, only Aaron, Mathews, Bruton and Mantilla can be said to have above-average speed. Most of the others are downright slow.

BIG EDGE
TO THE
YANKEES

SUMUP Mickey Mantle was hurt last year and the Yankees lost. But now the powerful youngster is ready and his feared slugging, on top of New York's superiority infield and

on the bases, could be the difference. But baseball is still a game of pitching and this the Braves have. Whether the Yankees do or not seems to depend largely upon Whitey Ford.

SLIGHT EDGE
TO THE
BRAVES

Go for the 2 extra points



Fieldmaster handsome styling



Milium[®] lining...lightweight warmth

A real man's suburban coat of 90% Virgin Wool for a long active life, and 10% Imported Cashmere for the look and feel of luxury. Milium insulated quilted lining keeps you warmer with half the weight of bulky linings. Other plus extras are "Fry Look" collar styling, man-size flap pockets, ticket pocket, leather buttons, tab cuffs, and Silicone finish that resists spotting. Light tan, light or dark gray.

BUY NOW ON SEARS EASY PAYMENT PLAN

\$19⁹⁸ Extra large and
long sizes \$21.98

• MILIUM—metal insulated lining

• MILIUM—warmer in cold weather

• MILIUM—works like house insulation

• MILIUM—greater freedom of action

MILIUM DIVISION of Evening, Miliken & Co., Inc., 1040 Park Avenue, N.Y., 16, N.Y.

©MILIKEN IS THE REGISTERED PROPRIETOR OF SEWING, MACHINES & CO. INC., 1040 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.



"Fry Look" Anorak-style Wool Cap \$1.98
Cotton Flannel Slacks \$2.98
Milium-lined capsize gloves \$1.58

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back... Available at Sears, Roebuck and Co. Retail Stores, Catalog Sales Offices and in Sears Fall Catalog



During the trip to India that ended in her tragic death, Ylla (left, seated on elephant) photographed a rhino capture (right) and wrote about

INDIANS AND THEIR ANIMALS

by YLLA

Ylla, the great photographer of animals whose real name was Camilla Kofler, died in India March 30, 1955 after she was thrown from a jeep while taking pictures of a bullock race. She had gone to India in late August of 1953 at the invitation of the Maharaja of Mysore and under sponsorship of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. She was a guest of the maharaja until mid-December, when she went to Travancore and subsequently to other parts of the subcontinent in quest of stories. The article below consists of selections from the journal she kept throughout the India trip. The complete journal, along with 77 of her last photographs, will be published October 29 in book form (Animals in India, Harper & Brothers, \$10).

First meeting with Maharaja of Mysore

Today I was taken in a palace car to meet His Highness. I was brought to the Small Palace where I was met by a private secretary who took me through various galleries to a simple drawing room where I was received by His Highness. He was seated below a huge oil painting of one of his ancestors. The maharaja wore a turban, and—in accordance with the current style among Indian men—had a neatly trimmed mustache. At 35, His Highness is rather portly; he speaks very slowly. We were served tea and coffee. His Highness remarked that Mysore was proud of its coffee. I chose coffee; it was excellent.

Visit to soldiers' barracks in Mysore

Amusing—and touching—incident while visiting the barracks of the maharaja's soldiers. In the room of one of them, I was greatly amused to see, on a wall covered with Hindu

religious pictures and photographs of the Queen of England and Prince Philip, a clipping of one of my photographs that appeared in a British magazine. Pasted on gold paper, a double-page color picture showing two kittens playing was hung in the middle of the wall, as though it had been given the "place of honor."

On the children of Mysore

The children here are generally a nuisance. They appear from everywhere, are attracted by the pale skin and dress of Westerners and, in a minute, form a dense wall around their object of curiosity. My bearer, Mohan Lal, always tries to chase them off, but they do not go. When I

cry in despair: "Lal, Lal, they are in my way. Get them back, get them away!" they repeat my outbursts in a mocking chorus. Lal, poor man, is embarrassed on two counts: he understands all their rude remarks which, unfortunately, escape me, and he is put off by my own behavior. No doubt, he thinks I am most undignified. In fact, I am sure I embarrass him every time I jump out from the middle of the road to photograph a buffalo or a cow.

Second interview with the Maharaja of Mysore

When I reached the palace, I had to wait a bit in the trophy room. Among the trophies on the walls were the heads of 14 tigers, six bears, 10 bison, deer and leopards. The maharaja was dressed completely in white. A sparrow flew in and out of the room (the sparrow had made a nest in one of the lamps). I remarked on the extraordinary familiarity of animals in India. "They blend in with humans here much better than in

continued

An alert in Kaziranga

Deep in the great Indian game preserve, a pair of rhinos look up sharply as Ylla and hunters approach. The hunters hoped to drive a young male into a pit where he could be lassoed—but sometimes the wrong rhino was trapped (next page).







An escape and a capture

Stilled by indecision, two rhinos pause in the tall amber grasses of Kaziranga (*left*) to stare at the elephant-mounted interlopers in their sanctuary. Moments later, in retreat before the advancing elephant, one of the animals stumbles into a trapping pit but manages to struggle free (*below left*) and escape into the surrounding jungles. On the next day, a less fortunate rhino encounters the same fate. This one is unable to free himself and, since he will die if left in the pit, must be extricated by the trapping party. The task is a dangerous one. Below: a trapper approaches the raging beast to place another of the many lassos necessary to quiet him. For climax of the capture, turn page.





The climax is death

Fighting against time and blistering sun to extirpate rhino, native trappers (above left) build ramp connecting pit with trapping cage. Once completed, ropes are released and rhino labors up ramp. Part way (above right) the animal collapses, a victim of sun and exhaustion. Below: dejected trappers survey tragedy in Kaziranga.



any other country," said the maharaja. He told me he had killed over a hundred tigers. Tiger hunts are carried on in the nearby jungles. He explained that he and his party sit in a machan (a box like an opera loge, situated high up in the trees) during the hunt while beaters drive the tigers and the drumbeats create a heightened rhythm.

Visit to elephant working camp, Mudumalai Reserve, Mysore

As it is Sunday, the elephants are not at work but are free to graze in the jungle the entire day. Three of the elephants have babies, 6, 8 and 12 months old. An expectant elephant mother is put on a big rice and coconut diet; after the baby is born, she does not work for six months (not so much to conserve her strength, but to keep the baby out of the way of the working elephants). The elephants are well looked after: they are scrubbed in the river for an hour in the morning and in the evening and are fed boiled rice after they have had their bath. At night they graze in the forest.

There is great excitement in the camp. A big tusker lost a tusk in a battle with a rogue. (The tusk, covered with blood, was left lying on the ground.) The tusker is kept within an enclosure through the night to prevent him from seeking out the rogue for revenge.

The baby elephants are putting on some marvelous antics. The oldest one kicks, throws his trunk about and is generally very fresh; the youngest is practically standing on his head. In the river they jump all over their mothers and enjoy playing together; they splash, submerge and really seem to love the water.

Third visit to His Highness, at the summer palace

First, a game of tennis, then a lengthy film session. Met HH's mother, a shy, charming lady. Unbelievable game of tennis, each ball being chased by a mastiff and a Boston terrier; during the game Major Den is Conan Doyle, son of the British author, and his wife Nina, the Russian Princess Odipiani, drive up in a gray Rolls-Royce.

An elephant hunt

HH arranged an elephant hunt for Conan Doyle. We started out

in the morning (in a Daimler), had a snack in a luxurious resthouse, then changed for the hunting car, continued for some miles and then proceeded on elephant back. The maharaja, Conan Doyle and two aides were on the first elephant; a forest ranger, HH's two uncles and I were on the second. The forest was very dense; the party was led by two trackers who walked ahead of the first elephant. After we advanced in this manner for about 20 minutes, we suddenly stopped. The forest ranger pointed at the thick bush directly ahead of us and said: "In there. He is in there."

I admit I was scared. If the first shot were to wound the elephant rather than kill him, the denseness of trees and bushes all around us would make it impossible to retreat quickly and, if our elephants were to battle with the wounded one, we would certainly be swept off their backs by the tree branches.

I was never afraid in Africa. Although we often approached big herds of elephants, it was always in the plains, and our intentions were always peaceful. But here we had come with the idea of killing.

No doubt HH knew exactly how dangerous the situation was. For although this was to be Conan Doyle's hunt, a volley of shots burst forth from the first elephant. I heard him say to Conan Doyle immediately after the shooting: "Congratulations, your first shot killed him."

We advanced through the thick bush; there he lay on his side, the big, beautiful tusker, dead with open eyes.

When we got back to the car—Nina Conan Doyle and HH's mother had followed us in the hunting car—Nina Conan Doyle burst into tears when she was told an elephant had been killed. She said: "Why come to India to kill?"

A November tiger hunt

At last the phone call to inform HH that the tigers have taken the bait. The hunting party is gathered hurriedly; HH, his mother, sister, Conan Doyle and a few others; the party leaves in two Rolls-Royces. First to the resthouse for coffee, then by hunting car to the machan (this one consisting of two rows of seats). We are told there are at least three tigers. The beating has started; it is far away, but draws nearer at an even

continued



Travel
has changed
since 1830
but the
good taste of
TEACHER'S
never changes

In a class
by itself
since 1830

TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Scotch Whisky

65 PROOF • Blended Scotch Whisky
Schieffelin & Co., New York

New...handsome CABINET KITCHEN

refrigerator • stove • freezer • sink



only 29" wide

WRITE FOR FULL DETAILS TO
GENERAL AIR CONDITIONING CORP.

Dept. D-7 4542 E. Dunsmuir St.
Los Angeles 23, California

General Chef NATIONWIDE SALES
AND SERVICE

SKIPPER'S PAL



BRASS CASE BAROMETER 6 1/2" diameter
Navy type in heavy spun brass. Best tem-
perature-compensated movement. Silvered
dial. #2237, \$65 at your dealer or write
Taylor Instrument Co., Rochester 1, N. Y.

A Taylor Instrument



**ATTENTION
ALL GOLFERS**
Now they're here
THE NEW IMPROVED
**NYLON
TIP
GOLF SPIKES**

— these rethreadable spikes are the last word in
answer to golfer's tired feet — will not collect mud
or damp grass — hardened steel tips twisted to
shape for firm and perfect fit — they're waterproof —
strong — durable — for more golf enjoyment replace
Now with the greatest advance in golf shoe comfort
and ease working in many years.
Each package contains 24 spikes and real tool for
removing and replacing.

ONLY \$3.00 postpaid.

SEND ORDERS TO: —
THE LIGHTHOUSE INC.
21 Court Street — Plymouth, Mass.



YLLA'S JOURNAL *continued*

pace, creating an atmosphere of im-
mediacy and tenseness. There are 130
beaters. The first tiger shoots by like
lightning. HH did not fire as it was
a small female. Another tiger now
jumps behind a nearby bush where
he hides and refuses to come out. The
beaters get closer and closer, and the
tiger finally does jump out, is caught
in the net and shot. I thought the
hunt was over, but it appeared an-
other tiger was hiding somewhere
within the hunting area. The tom-
tom starts again; after 20 minutes
the third tiger charges across, very
far left, very fast, gets hit by HH,
but not killed, and speeds away. The
dead tiger is very beautiful; poor,
beautiful thing, with glassy eyes and
soft paws.

The tension worked up during the
hour and a half of beating and ex-
cited voices was so great, it has quite
exhausted me. What is the point to
all this, really what is the point? The
poor, harassed animals! Before they
appeared, the bamboos were alive
with monkeys and jungle fowl; and
then the savage cries and tom-tom of
the beaters invading the quiet and
dignity of the jungle. Only if we ap-
proach animals innocently, only then,
it seems to me, can we be fearless
and free.

The capture of an elephant

Very rough ride to the interior
of the forest where a hundred pits
had been dug, and two elephants
captured: a baby tusker, about 3
years old, in one pit; and an elephant
mother, about 25 years old, in an-
other. The baby was being fed, but
not the mother (if she regained her
strength she would make it difficult
to get her out of the pit). The roping,
the first and most important part of
the capture, is a delicate undertaking.
The trapped elephants are wild ones
to begin with, but their increased
wildness, their rage at having been
caught, makes them a frightening
sight. To distract the captured ele-
phant, he is fed sugar cane, and
large tropical leaves are waved at
him. Once the rope is tied around
the head and leg, large logs are rolled
into the pit, which enables the men
to pull him out of the pit. Two
kumkis (tame, trained elephants) sur-
round the captured one when he
comes out of the pit; their presence
calms the wild elephant and gives
him reassurance.

Another tiger hunt

Today's hunt was different. The
hunting party consisted of HH,
Major Singh, two aides, Mr. Darasha
(HH's secretary); I was the only
woman; 80 beaters, a spacious sunny
area in front of the machan. The
beating had not lasted more than 20
minutes when tiger growls were
heard from behind a bush very near
the machan. He did not come out,
but it was evident from the rus-
tling among the bushes that he ran
way over to the left, about 80 yards
away. The bushes were heavy, and
I did not even catch a glimpse of
the tiger, but HH fired and said: "I
am certain he is dead." Major Singh
was skeptical if the tiger had been
hit at all. The lorry was brought,
was driven into the bush, and sud-
denly there was wild cheering: the
tiger was dead; I cannot understand
how HH could have shot so accurately
under these circumstances; no
one had actually seen the tiger run-
ning or hiding.

The tiger turned out to be the
maharaja's record, and came very
close to India's record. Six feet nine
inches long, he weighed over 600
pounds. HH was so pleased and ex-
cited he could not eat his lunch. I
was pleased, too, which surprised me,
as I am never pleased to see an ani-
mal killed.

After a fight to Trivandrum

I went to see a doctor (I have had
a nasty skin irritation) who refused
to look directly at me, and who was
most embarrassed when I asked him
to examine the spots on my thighs—
the irritation had spread all over.
Nevertheless, although he scarcely
examined me, he promises a complete
cure within two days.

Everyone has gone to a famous
astrologer in a nearby village; re-
tained by one of two wealthy Trivan-
drum families, he is supposed to be
very good. It was suggested that I
go along with them, but I refused.
If something terrible is supposed to
happen to me I would rather not
know beforehand.

In the Gir Forest, Saurashtra

I have come to Saurashtra as a
guest of state and was received most
cordially. The Gir Forest is one of
the few lion reserves left in India, and
the people in the surrounding villages
are proud of the forest. The villagers
take pride in their lions. There is a
superstition here that if the lions

were to leave this vicinity, the buffalo cows would cease to give milk; and also that if a cow is attacked by a lion but survives, she ceases to conceive.

Nilgai—the large antelopes of India—look like giraffes in these parts. What makes them look so large is the smallness of the thorny trees, which must be some kind of acacia; these, the burnt yellow grass, the wide open spaces are reminiscent of the African plains.

Coming home, I saw two lionesses and three cubs on the road.

The Gir Forest, a few days later

Left early this morning to look for nilgai; very near a village spotted a lioness and her three-month-old cub. Near the road lay the kill: a big buffalo cow, belly open, intestines and tail already disposed of.

On the road, we met several ox carts and peasants on foot and warned them of the lions ahead. A detour would be safest, we told them. But lions here are very much part of the life of the villagers. The peasants, armed with sticks and stones, thanked us, but proceeded.

Rhino capture at the Kaziranga wildlife sanctuary, Assam

The rhino capture was postponed until my arrival. The Philadelphia Zoo bought a young female rhino two years ago, and now they ordered a young male. For that reason everything was arranged—pits were dug, and elephants were kept ready to drive rhinos toward the pits during the following night, the safest time for bringing in a captured rhino. However, this morning a report came that a rhino had fallen into one of the pits. The ranger, Mr. Das, went out to the pit, and I went with him to watch the capture—the rhino has to be roped and moved into a cage.

Roping a rhino is complicated, but getting him into the cage is a very complex and strenuous job. This difficulty was increased by the fact that the cage took a long time to arrive at the pit; it was very hot and the rhino suffered from the exposure to the sun. By the time the cage was brought it was noon, and the rhino, no doubt exhausted from not only the heat but his resistance to his capture, collapsed while being pulled into the cage and died. Mr. Das was terribly upset.

continued

It takes two to Stereo!



PHILCO gives you two amplifiers, two speaker systems, in two matched cabinets for genuine stereophonic sound!

The fabulous cassette, left above, Model 1606-S, is a fully automatic high fidelity instrument! Electromagnetic speaker system, 4 speed changer, diamond driven system, control center and separate tuner stereo packs. At right, Model 84-1000 has amazing speaker amplifier assembly. These units reproduce flawless stereophonic sound! Listen to this and other new Philco instruments with the Fidelity Sound System. All Philco models play regular records, all speeds, plus new stereo records!

PHILCO, INC. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
COLUMBIA, NEW YORK, N.Y.

LOOK AHEAD... and you'll choose **PHILCO.**

high style
on a
low budget!

**WESBORO
WARDROBE**

Style No. W 943



You'll always choose the right shoe for the right occasion when you own the basic 3-pair Wesboro Wardrobe (3 pairs of shoes for as little as \$29.95). By the pair or by the "wardrobe", you can't beat the deal!

7.95 to 9.95

Peters Division, International Shoe Company

St. Louis 3,

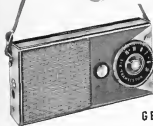


Missouri

Sporty AS A THUNDERBIRD

General Electric all-transistor 10,000- hour rechargeable pocket radio

Sleek and trim in its jewelry-finish aluminum case, this General Electric pocket radio stands out in sporty company. One set of rechargeable batteries plays up to 10,000 hours.



Batteries recharge automatically—just put radio in handsome leather recharger-travel case (not shown) and plug into any AC outlet. Binocular-style carrying strap clips on or off in a jiffy. Wonderful gift for your favorite sportsman!

Model writes warranty on belt parts and labor, General Electric Company, Radio Receiver Dept., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut
Model F765

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

YLLA'S JOURNAL *continued*

Photographing the rhinos from a "hideout"

Since rhinos are so easily frightened off, I decided to try my luck today by making use of Ellis Dungan's hideout, which is a kind of machan made of hides, a most makeshift contraption, absolutely no protection against a bad-tempered rhino. But I got into the hideout, crouched there, hoping to be able to photograph some rhinos; Das and his three elephants were supposed to round them up and drive them past me. And they did. One rhino was particularly obliging, stopping directly in front of my hideout, quietly looked around, then wandered off. At one point, he was no more than two feet away from me, which was a most thrilling experience.

On a March day, the monkey temple in Benares

Monkeys everywhere. Completely unpredictable. One approaches me quietly for peanuts, which I give him, but suddenly, for no good reason, he starts yelling and all the monkeys scatter. A little beggar boy comes in to tell me one of the monkeys has snatched away one of my shoes which I left at the door. Lots of children gather and, led by the beggar boy, a chase begins. The monkey is chased everywhere, on the roof, up and down, in and out of rooms and yards. Finally they catch him and bring me the shoe triumphantly.

A morning ride on the Ganges

People bathing, saying their prayers, washing their clothes, doing exercises; pigeons sitting on bamboo rafts in the river; a corpse clad in red ready for burning; cows standing at the river's edge drinking, walking away, dogs playing—a strange world, impenetrable, immensely peaceful.

Breakfast with Mr. Nehru and his daughter in New Delhi

Also in the breakfast party was a manager of Tata (vast industrial firm), two Parsi ladies with short, white hair, and two little girls. When the others arrived, Indira suggested we start breakfast ahead of her father, who eats so quickly he would catch up with us at any rate. However, a few minutes later Nehru arrived, and we all sat down to breakfast together. Nehru was most affectionate with the children, but I

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

a Fine Art, weekly publication

95 CENTS
\$1.00 a year

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED 540 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send 52 weekly issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to:

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

Is this your card for this?

☐ The above subscription is for me. Please bill me for \$7.50 at the same address.

☐ Start it now. Bill it at the end of my current subscription.

☐ The above subscription is a gift. Please bill me for \$7.50 at this address.

Name

Address

City State Zip

(This rate good only for subscriptions sent to addresses in U.S. and Canada)

\$ 5.00

believe he was a hit put off by my presence; he probably was looking forward to a quiet breakfast with just close friends and family. Nevertheless, it was actually he who was responsible for my presence; he had insisted to be present when I photographed his pandas. Bhimsa, the male, is at his best when Nehru is around.

The pandas are absolutely charming. Tashi, the female, is prettier and bigger, but extremely shy. They are in a large cage that can be entered. They are fond of peas in husks, which they eat out of their feeder's hand. When he feeds them, Nehru wears white gloves to avoid being scratched. They are away in the mountains for six months—to escape the heat; the rest of the time they spend in an enclosure on the Nehru grounds.

A visit to the Maharaja of Bharatpur

The Maharaja of Bharatpur is certainly one of the nicest and most charming men I have ever met, completely disarming and most cordial. He told me that he is keeping a full year's mourning for his wife—only 13 days are customary for a deceased woman. Contrary to other men in his position, he uses no perfume, eats only certain foods and only attends very special functions.

A buffet dinner was served on the lawn, attended by about 20 or so men who all sat in a half circle, far away from me. Two orchestras entertained.

Dinner on the palace roof gardens

A most romantic spectacle. The roof gardens had originally been laid out for the M's grandmother, who was in purdah and who wished to take her walks in total seclusion. Now a round baldachin-covered structure in the middle of the roof serves for reclining—a great many colorful cushions are heaped on the floor. On the balcony above, a singer performed, accompanied by an orchestra; the indirect lighting was very soft, and we were served on very low, separate tables. The M wore wide white Indian trousers, an emerald-green shirt and a broadcated vest.

The M has a warmth and simplicity that are most endearing.

When I wanted to photograph some deer in the forest, he said: "Do not disturb the deer."

I said with surprise: "But the government has given me permission to photograph them."

"Yes," he answered, "but do,

continued

CELANESE GALLERY OF CHAMPIONS



RICHIE ASHBURN *Philadelphia Phillies Star*

Good feel, big hit

Richie Ashburn scouted this remarkable Arnel brushed knit shirt for us. His report: 1. Good feel, big hit*. 2. Action-comfortable. He will soon discover this Arnel tricot and Celanese shirt machine washes, tumble dries, needs no ironing. It's ideal on the road. And, as you can see, it looks superb. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

Celanese® Arnel® Celanese®

*A paraphrase of another reasonable sporting report years ago. "Good field, no hit."

JANTZEN Sportswear for Sportsmen; Princeton's Arnel and Celanese acetate Lomel fabric. Beige, grey. Sizes S, M, L, XL. About \$12.95 at your favorite fine store.

ARNEL®

*This is the official Arnel symbol—evidence that this fabric of this new "loose knit" has been pre-tested for performance in a classed

Celanese contemporary fibers



HE HELPED SHRINK THE EARTH

Since January, Captain Lyle Richardson has been taking part in the only regular airline flights that cross the U.S. coast to coast and completely circle the earth.

The fact that Qantas pilots do this is evidence of the superior airmanship that distinguishes the oldest airline in the English-speaking world. Qantas airmanship, coupled with really superb in-flight amenities, makes Qantas the

most thoroughly enjoyable way you can fly east or west around the world. It is a magnificent adventure!

Qantas, too, offers you the fastest, most frequent service from the U.S. to Australia. And, you can fly this better way to London!

Ask your travel agent about the Qantas Credit Travel Plan, which lets you enjoy our service now for just ten per cent down.

QANTAS

AUSTRALIA'S ROUND-THE-WORLD AIRLINE

Call QANTAS in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Honolulu, Vancouver, B.C., or 800, general sales agent for Qantas, in New York, Chicago, Washington, Boston, Detroit, Miami, Dallas, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Newquay, Montreal, Toronto.

YLLA'S JOURNAL *continued*

please, take your photographs from a considerable distance, so they will not be disturbed."

"Couldn't we make them run?" I asked. "We don't want to see them only in a standing pose."

"The government orders that they not be disturbed," he replied.

"What is the activity of most deer in the forest?" I asked, hoping to get him around to see my point.

"They graze," he said, "and rest in the shade."

"Do they not sometimes run?" I probed further.

"Yes, they do run."

"Do they die as a result of it?"

"No," he said. "They do not die."

"Then why should it be bad for them to run? Exercise will do them good. Aren't men stronger and healthier when they exercise?"

"Yes, they are," he said. "All right, you may go ahead."

A weekend at a palace

The maharaja with 16 of his guests drove to one of his palaces about an hour's drive from here. A truckload of servants had left ahead of us. In the afternoon a tiger hunt was arranged.

Three machans were set up, two shooters were placed in each. The M, some other guests and I watched the hunt from an observation tower. Fifty beaters drove out one tiger, who was wounded, growled furiously, retreated to a bush and was found dead the next day.

In the evening, a buffet on the lawn of the palace; again an orchestra and a singer.

Next day a panther hunt in the afternoon. We watched from a machan set up 50 feet from the bait. By 6:30 it was too dark for pictures, even with a Tri-X. Shortly after 6:30 a panther was spotted, but he had seen us and did not come down. A hyena comes by; night falls; the birds retire with a farewell of great, though melodious noise, and we leave at 7:45. The peace and serenity cannot be described.

The next day, the maharaja asked me:

"What do you think of my guests? I like to discuss them. When you leave, we will discuss you, too."

The accident which caused Ylla's death took place outside Bharatpur two days later.



19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

AMERICA'S CUP: ALL HAIL

Sirs:

Hail Columbia!

And a hearty hail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** for keeping interested landlocked sailors (there are many) informed of happenings in the America's Cup trials. The coverage has been comprehensible to Corinthian sailors.

FREDERICK CARRISBY

Shelby, N.C.

AMERICA'S CUP: SELECTION SEPTET

Sirs:

Here is how the editorial cartoonist of *The Providence Evening Bulletin* recorded Columbia's selection as cup defender (see below). Pretty good portraits of the selection committee, at that.

ROGER SMITH

Providence

● For the committee's Sporting Look see page 28.—ED.

AMERICA'S CUP: GENIAL FELLOW

Sirs:

The picture of Frank Paine (197H HOLE, Sept. 22) reminded me of the time I tried (without success) to go for a sail on Yankee one Sunday in Newport back in 1934. There being no wind whatsoever, the late Moore, Paine and Charles Francis Adams decided to remain at anchor. They put me overboard in a diver's helmet to inspect Yankee's underbody.

With Paine pumping air into a make-shift shoulder-weighted regulation helmet, I descended several times to the bottom of Newport Harbor, where I gazed in awe at Yankee's huge bronze hull. On my last trip down, my headpiece became engulfed with water. I had to slip out of the

contraption in a hurry and rise quickly to the surface on my own.

Gasp! For breath, I perceived Frank Paine in stitches of laughter. A most genial fellow with a keen sense of humor, he claimed that the air-pump handle had inadvertently "broken" just as he had become tired from "pumping the damn thing anyway!"

JOHN C. RICE JR.

Manchester, Mass.

AMERICA'S CUP: ARTIST AS PROPHECY

Sirs:

One picture in your Sept. 15 issue was worth a year's subscription price to me. On pages 20-21, showing an artist's conception of the America's Cup racecourse, is a boat I am much interested in. But the curious thing is, this boat has never been in eastern waters.

The ketch shown just off Point Judith is undoubtedly a Newporter. One cannot mistake the combination of clipper bow, deckhouse, dinghy hung on stern davits and, above all, the Newporter monkey rail. There are now 63 of these famous Newporters on the West Coast, two on the Great Lakes and one in Florida.

FRED O. PALGE

Philadelphia

● The Newporter, previewed in our Nov. 5, 1956 issue as the first production-line, fiber-glass-covered ocean saller, has since made an outstanding name for itself on the West Coast. Artist Joe Kaufman, not a Californian, has never seen one but, like cartographers of old and their sea monsters, drew in a Newporter for its decorative accent.—ED.

eastward



New all-transistor recorder works anywhere without plug-in!

Yes, it's true. The name is Dictet. The maker is Dictaphone.

New Dictet is no bigger than a medium-length novel. Yet its intrepid little mercury batteries make this noble machine powerful enough to record even the faintest whisper.

To work it, simply pick up the mike and talk. Microphone acts as a speaker for instant playback.

Dictet's ideal for travel notes, small conferences, field reports, and . . . well, you name it. There is a coupon somewhere close. Use it—now!

Good news for busy traveling men: Dictets are now available on all Capital Airlines V.I.P. flights!

DICTET[®] BY DICTAPHONE[®]

Dictaphone Corporation, Dept. 51-98-2
430 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Please send full-color booklet on new Dictet.

Name _____
Company _____
Address _____



CAROLING SELECTION COMMITTEE ANNOUNCES ITS CHOICE

BACK ON THE ROAD...

The Romance of the Gaslight Era...



SURREY

by DYER PRODUCTS

Now in limited production... for the man who has everything and the businessman who wants a new promotion vehicle... the Surrey. The Surrey is a highly authentic reproduction of the 1903 car, right down to the 12 spoke hickory wheels, the solid brass lamps, the musical instrument horn. The only concessions to modernity are puncture proof tires, sealed beam headlights, directional signals, and a thoroughly reliable engine (single cylinder, of course).

Not a toy, but more fun than any toy, the Surrey puffs along at 35 miles per hour, gets 65 miles per gallon, meets all state requirements for motor vehicles. The price is down to a gaslight era standard too, \$1095 for the Standard model (4.8 HP, kick starter) \$1195 for the de Luxe (8.0 HP, electric starter). Simply unbeatable for personal fun, or business excitement. P.S. there's even a fringed top as an optional extra.



S.H. ARNOLT INC.

CHICAGO SALES SALONS • 163 East One Street • 7840 North Broadway
PARTS & SERVICE CENTER • 415 East Erie St.

18TH HOLE continued

AMERICA'S CUP: ON THE MARK

Sirs:

Carlton Mitchell's account of the America's Cup trials (51, Sept. 15) was excellent, but I would like a more detailed explanation of "Bus Mosbacher at the helm put *Viva* on Columbia's stern a few minutes before the start and, twist and turn as he might, Conry was not able to escape."

JOHN R. BRENDLEY
Fort McPherson, Ga.

● In maneuvering for the start of her second race against Columbia, *Viva* tenaciously clung to her position 20 feet astern of her rival. Columbia ran down the line on the starboard tack, hoping to jibe or tack back. But *Viva*, dogging Columbia and also still on a starboard tack, had the right of way were Columbia to come about on a port tack. *Viva* thus forced Columbia well beyond the leeward buoy, then herself tacked back to cross the starting line with Columbia now behind her and to leeward, thoroughly backwinded. Rounding the first mark, *Viva* had a 1:30 advantage.—ED.

AM, WILDERNESS (CONT.)

Sirs:

Three cheers for Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas for his *Hike for Posterity* (81, Sept. 8). It is good that Americans still has men of his caliber to fight the good fight in saving some wilderness for our children to enjoy its wonders and untouched beauties. Aye, if it hadn't been for men of vision there would be no Yellowstone Park.

PAUL A. DEHNER
Burlington, Iowa

INFORMATION, PLEASE

Sirs:

To settle a slight argument with my son, will you please give me your opinion on the following.

Which is the faster craft over level water, an eight-oared regulation racing shell or an eight-paddled canoe?

HOWARD BOULTON
Glyndon, Md.

● The eight-oared shell is the faster. Some time ago, at a rowing regatta on Princeton's Carnegie Lake, Coach Jack Sulzer of the New York Athletic Club had the opportunity to compare times of shells and canoes of equal manpower over the same course. The shells were almost twice as fast. The reasons are simple. In a shell the rower has the mechanical advantage of a 12-foot 3-inch oar, almost nine feet of it outboard, with the pivot or fulcrum on the outrigger 32 inches out from the center of the boat. The amount of forward pressure on the hull exerted by the oar is about 1,400 pounds. Furthermore, the rower can utilize leg muscles and his feet are

anchored. The paddler, on the other hand, has no fixed pivot (he has to brace himself in the canoe); his paddle is short and, as all canoeists know, he must use one hand as pivot. —ED.

THE REAL THING

Sirs:

I READ WITH INTEREST YOUR STORY OF THE YOUNG BOY AND "THE BOB" (S & B, SEPT. 15). IT WAS MY SON TERRY ABOUT WHOM YOU TOLD THE STORY. IT OCCURRED AT THE FIFTH HOLE ON THE SESTERVILLE COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE, WHERE THE WEST VIRGINIA STATE OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENT WAS BEING PLAYED. SAM SNEAD HAD HIT HIS SECOND SHOT ON THE GREEN. TERRY, WHO IS 7 YEARS OLD, WALKED UP TO ME WITH HIS EYES GLIMMERING AND ASKED ME TO LOOK AT WHAT HE HAD IN HIS POCKET. WITH ASTONISHMENT I SAW SOME GRASS AND DIRT STICKING OUT OF HIS POCKET. TO MY INQUIRY AS TO WHY HE HAD IT IN HIS POCKET HE SAID, "THAT IS A GENUINE SAM SNEAD DIVOT." AT THE PRESENT TIME HE STILL HAS IT GROWING IN A FLOWERPOT AT HOME.

TERRELL COPFIELD

New Martinsville, W.Va.

THERE'S A HUNTER

Sirs:

We've watched the pages of your magazine for a long time, expecting that sooner or later there would be another hunting story by William A. Fisher. In a funny kind of way we feel we know him. A couple of years ago he wrote another story on polar bear hunting in the Bering Sea (SI, July 9, '56). We were both very much impressed with it and with the beautiful pictures because it gave the feel of hunting in the way we know it. Not that we hunt polar bears, but we've hunted enough to know the ring of authenticity when it knells. Most "hunting" stories just send us off into screams of raucous laughter. We cut that bear story out of the magazine and posted it up on the wall of my husband's workshop. A thousand times or more I must have stopped in front of it and said to myself, "There's a hunter—a real hunter."

Now you've given us a real treat in *A Sky Target* on Hugh (SI, Sept. 15). As far as we're concerned you can put that down as the best hunt story we've ever read. I get a special charge out of Mr. Fisher's stories because he's high on observation and honest affection for his animals and darn low on the killer stuff.

If you can take a word of criticism after all this admiration, we would rather we hunt articles illustrated with photographs than drawings. We were a bit let down this time, though the good long story surely makes up for it. Mr. Fisher makes you just see all that beautiful country on the mountaintops and these beautiful creatures, but it would have been even better if your camera had gone along too. The rest of us are never going to get a chance to see animals like that unless you show them to us. And Mr. Fisher looks as good as his trophies.

Keep it up. Hunting is the best sport and Mr. Fisher the best writer.

THESSA HOYT

Altadena, Calif.



LONDON FOG MAINCOAT

TRAVEL BY CRUISER, versatile take-along coat by London Fog. Raglan-shouldered, with stand-upish collar and flap pockets. In natural with gingham lining. Regular 34 to 44 and Long 36 to 44, about \$25. So right in Z-lau-treated heathcote, the famous combed cotton poplin by Reeves Brothers, Inc., New York—one of America's leading fabric manufacturers. At fine stores or write Londontown, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

REEVES fabrics



Treat
your
guests
royally

THE FINAL DELICIOUS TOUGH

Arrow Creme de Menthe

No melted potatoes love more graciously than your guests will... when you serve them Arrow... America's most delicious Creme de Menthe. In a froppie, highball or on the rocks... it adds a festive note to dining.

ARROW LIQUEURS CORP., DETROIT 7, MICH.



60 PROOF

Pat on the Back



THE VESPER CREW

'We like it our way'

In some ways crew is a rare bird on the contemporary sporting scene. It is the only major team sport which is frequently continued after college graduation, and it is so simon-pure an amateur effort that its devotees often must dig into their own pockets to foot the bills. Happily, it is also a sport which each year grows in the number of its participants and followers, and a part of this success is due to the increasingly active role played by U.S. rowers in international competitions.

The European rowing championships were recently held in Poznan, Poland, with shells from 10 nations participating. After two days of really intensive competition the U.S. crew shown above rowed in the eight-oar finals against Russia, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia, with Russia the heavy favorite to win. At the finish line of one of the most exciting upset finals the U.S. shell led the Russians by three-quarters

of a length, only to be beaten themselves by the Italians.

The U.S. shell represented the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia, one of the oldest and consistently outstanding rowing organizations in the country. In the Vesper shell at Poznan were (left to right) Jack Kelly Jr. (stroke), Bill Knecht (No. 7 oar), George Hermann (No. 6), Paul Ignas (No. 5), George Coleman (No. 4), Gerry Heffernan (No. 3), Harry Halloran Jr. (No. 2), Dave Wilmerding Jr. (bow) and Allen Rosenberg (coxswain).

The Vesper eight works out on the Schuylkill six times a week, six to ten miles a day. "We row," says Jack Kelly, "because we like it. There is a lot of sacrifice to it because we all have jobs or school. That's not like some other countries where oarsmen don't have to worry about holding down jobs. But we like it our way, and we like it enough to go out and be good at it."



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

I ran for my life from this Elephant On The Warpath

1. "No sound on earth is more frightening than the sudden trumpeting of an African elephant at close range," writes Julian Sisson, an American friend of Canadian Club. "I heard that sound last month on safari south of Nairobi, in Kenya. A charging elephant was outdistance a safari car in a spur. I had only seconds to reach Norman Read, my white hunter. Read had seconds to gun the motor and get us out of there."



2. "Armed with only a small-caliber rifle, I'd been out stalking gazelle for the camp pot. This wasn't elephant country. But when I looked around, there was old Jumbo. Six tons of him. And coming straight for me!"



3. "We made our getaway just in the nick. Later the elephant was shot and we found out why he'd charged me. 'One-Tusk,' as the natives tagged the rogue, had been wounded by poachers' spears. His wounds grieved him. The scent of a man enraged him."



4. "Good thing we didn't stall," Read said. And when we reached the hotel at Nairobi, he tossed our good luck. The whisky? It was Canadian Club."

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Only Canadian Club has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch and the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. That's why no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like it. You

can stay with it all evening long . . . in short ones before dinner, tall ones after. Canadian Club is made by Hiram Walker, now celebrating 100 years of distilling leadership. It's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

Canadian Club

6 years old • 90.4 proof • Imported from Canada

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS, INC. DETROIT, MICH. BLENDED CANADA • 100% C





Quality at your feet

the pedwin

jivy
league



You're sure to capture the spotlight with this alligator grain loafer. The sole is squared-off at the toe. The finish is gleaming black. The effect—sharp! Pedwin Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

Shoe Illustrated **9.95** Other Styles 8.95 to 11.95
Pedwin 2nd for boys 7.95 to 9.95. All styles Higher Garment West

pedwin.
young ideas in shoes